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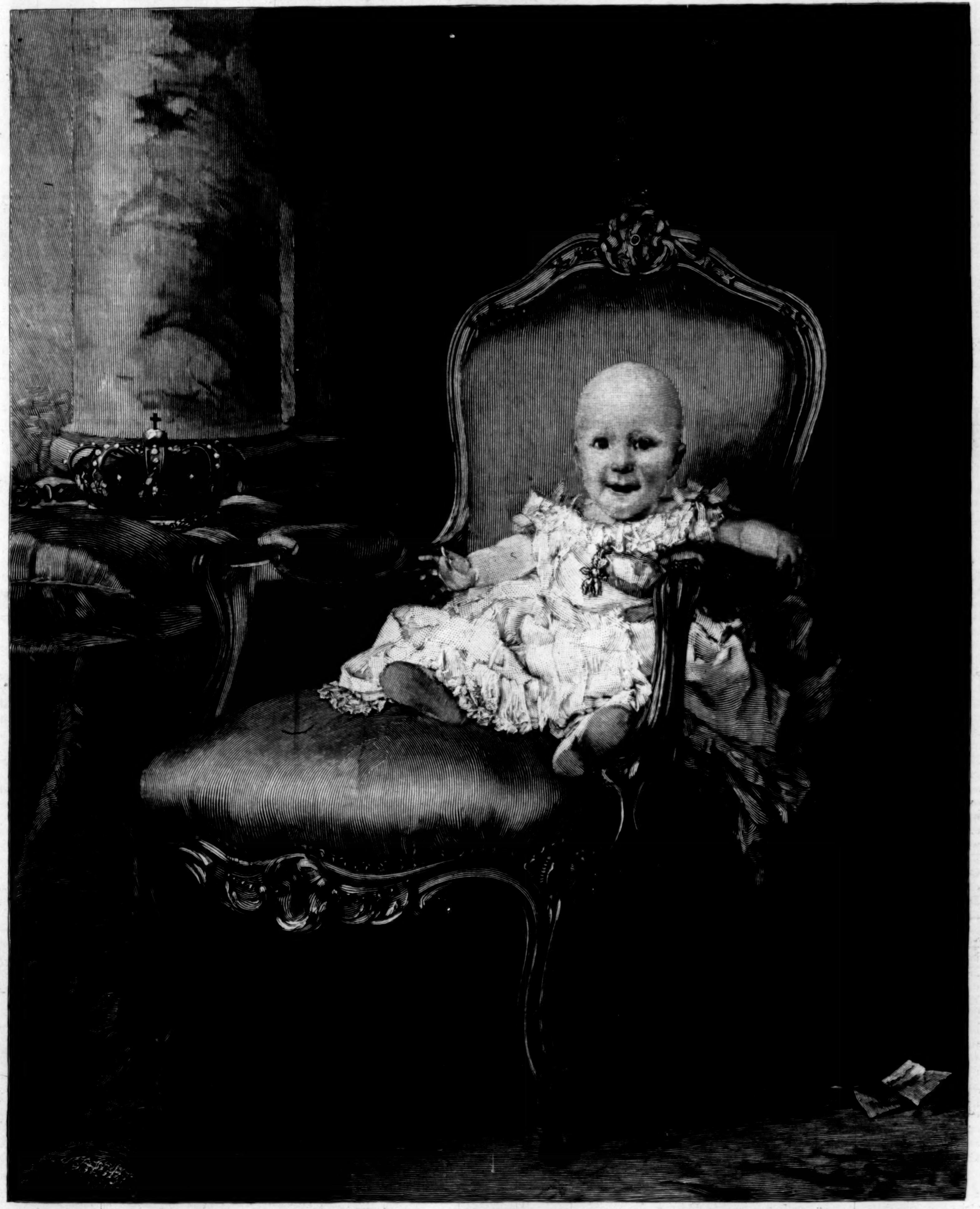

THE INFANT KING OF SPAIN.—FROM THE LIFE-SIZE PORTRAIT MADE TWO YEARS AGO BY F. DOMINGO.—[SEE PAGE 75.]

A NOTABLE FRENCH NOVEL.

THE CRIME OF SYLVESTRE BONNARD (Member of the Institute). By **Anatole France**. The Translation and Introduction by **Lafcadio Hearn**. 8vo, Paper, 50 Cents. No. 665 in *Harper's Franklin Square Library*.

Although M. **Jules Lemaître**, the distinguished French critic, declares "I love M. **Anatole France**'s stories so much that it is hard for me to analyze them," yet he once succeeded in describing the varied charms of *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard* in the following admirable manner: "This book will appeal to mothers, because it concerns children. It will charm women, because it is delicate and pure. It will entrance poets, because it is full of both the subtlest and most natural poetry. It will please philosophers, because the reader constantly notes in it the mien of serious thought. It will be esteemed by psychologists, because they will find in it the emotions of a simple soul most minutely described. It will gratify classicists, because it breathes passion for polite learning. It will fill tender hearts with rapture, because it is full of tenderness. And it will find grace in the eyes of cynics, because it has a vein of irony, and more of the spirit of resignation than of optimism."

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Harper's Bazar, *Vol. 23, No. 6, published this week, will contain a timely editorial on "Marriage and Careers," the third paper in* Olive Thorne Miller's *series on The Daughter at Home, entitled "In the Way She Should Go," "Woman's Work with the Stencil," by* Mary Gay Humphreys, *and "Aunt Betsy's Photographs," a strong genre story by* Anna Fuller. *There is an interesting instalment of the serial "Armorel of Lyonesse," by* Walter Besant, *and the number is especially full in fashion hints and illustrations, with a Pattern-sheet Supplement and numerous directions.*

No. 1727.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

Cover and Four-page Supplement.

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THAT CLASS OF AMERICANS CALLED AFRICANS.

SENATOR MORGAN, like all thoughtful public men in the Southern States, is perplexed by the negro problem, and proposes in effect the return of the colored citizens to Africa. It is not unnatural that those who hold that there is a fatal difference between the races, and that they can never mingle as equal citizens, but who bear the colored people no ill feeling and wish them well, should desire a separation of the races as the only solution of the situation, and that those who were in the beginning involuntary immigrants should go. Senator **Morgan** perhaps is not aware that the first anti-slavery work published in this country was called *An Appeal for that Class of Americans called Africans*. It was written by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, and was published in 1833. The essay exposed and emphasized the fact, which the colonization movement had entirely overlooked, that the great multitude of the colored laborers of the Southern States were no more Africans than the white planters were Europeans. Their ancestors may have come from Congo, as the ancestors of eminent New-Yorkers came from Holland. But the New-Yorker is not a Dutchman, and the colored South Carolinian is not an African.

This is a fact which is incontestable, and as Senator **Morgan** will see, it is full of consequences. It would be, for instance, hardly a practicable undertaking for New York to return all her Yankees to New England, or her Germans to Germany, or her Polish Jews to Russia and Poland, or even her Irishmen to Ireland. Their coming, like that of the Chinese, might have been prevented, but their enforced going is now impossible. Americans must make the best of it, and while the older comers are already Americans, we must turn the new-comers into good Americans as fast as possible. There are other views of this proposition of extruding the colored people from the country, which, although it seems whimsical, is yet seriously pondered by excellent men in the Southern States. In his Boston speech, which was Mr. H. W. **Grady**'s last public word, the ardent Georgian said:

> "We give to the world this year a crop of 7,500,000 bales of cotton, worth $450,000,000, and its cash equivalent in grain, grasses, and fruit. This enormous crop could not have come from the hands of sullen and discontented labor. It comes from peaceful fields, in which laughter and gossip rise above the hum of industry, and contentment runs with the singing plough."

That is a pleasanter and more charming picture of Southern fields than Mr. **Olmsted** was able to paint forty years ago. Is there no promise in it? Is it the cheery and contented labor which produced last year this enormous crop and its princely revenue that Senator **Morgan** would exile to Africa? But Mr. **Grady** continued:

> "I present the tax book of Georgia, which shows that the negro, twenty-five years ago a slave, has in Georgia alone $10,000,000 of assessed property, worth twice that much. Does not that record honor him and vindicate his neighbors?"

No such glowing account as Mr. **Grady**'s has yet been given of the material prosperity and happy content of the colored people in the Southern States. The details are surprising to the great mass of readers in this part of the country. If Senator **Morgan** could expatriate these native laborers, who are now, according to Mr. **Grady**, happier than ever before—thrifty, progressive, zealous for education, and of constantly developing intelligence—how would he replace them? The scheme of expatriation is absolutely impracticable. The problem of the races in the Southern States is not to be solved by separation. That ought to be frankly and finally acknowledged, and the notion finally discarded. The solution, whatever it may be, must be based upon the postulate that the two races make a common people. The root of the difficulty is not industrial, but political. It is the ignorant ballot of "an inferior race" which Senator **Morgan** would escape. But upon this point the Charleston *News and Courier*, in response to Professor **Phelps**, of Andover, who asked in the *Congregationalist* whether Georgia, having educated the colored citizen up to the level of the Republican ballot in Massachusetts, would count his vote if it would elect, says, "Whenever an intelligent and reasonable ballot is cast by black hands, the South—South Carolina and Georgia—will count it as truly and honestly as Massachusetts." That is a complete answer to Professor **Phelps**, who concedes that in the actual situation of Georgia, Massachusetts would do what Georgia does: only, he says, she would do it legally, without, however, stating how. But when the *News and Courier* asks whether its answer is explicit enough for every inquirer, we ask, in turn, does it think that it is? Who is to decide what is an intelligent and reasonable ballot? The inspectors of election? In New York we submit to the decision of ballots which we believe to be both ignorant and unreasonable, and sometimes even corrupt. We do so because the law defines the qualification of voters, and authorizes the majority to decide. If only the ballots which the *News and Courier* would consider intelligent and reasonable were counted there would be trouble.

A NEW SENATOR.

The intention of the Constitution in creating the Senate was to provide a select body of men which should serve as a deliberative check upon the larger body of Representatives, thus securing ample consideration of all measures of national legislation. It was of course assumed that as but two Senators were to be chosen from each State, they would be men of signal distinction for public ability, experience, and intelligence. Such a man, for instance, is Senator **Sherman**, of Ohio. He is essentially a public man. He has proved his admirable capacity in high executive as well as legislative office. Unhappily he has been too intense a partisan, and has vainly sought to gratify his ambition by pandering to party spirit. But he is unquestionably one of the most eminent of public men now in active life, and an honor to the State of which he is a Senator. No intelligent American would deny that he is the kind of man of whom the framers of the Constitution supposed the Senate would be composed, and of whom his State may be justly proud, whatever differences of political opinion may exist among his constituents.

His State, however, has just given him a singular colleague. It was fair to suppose that Mr. **Sherman**'s political opponents, controlling the Legislature of the State, and desirous of elevating the prestige of a party long discredited, would select a colleague for Senator **Sherman** who by public character, ability, and service like his, or as nearly as might be, would have helped the effort of patriotic Democrats to regain for their party the confidence of the country. If Mr. **Brice**, the Senator selected by the Democrats, has any especial qualification for the Senate, it has not been made public. He is a resident of New York, and if Ohio preferred to select a Senator from this city, it would seem that there must be some plain and decisive reason for so unusual a course, which would at once answer the wondering question which the selection of Mr. **Brice** instantly excites.

No such reason, however, has been suggested. Yet it is the universal belief that had he been a poor man, Democratic Ohio would not have come to New York to take him for a Senator. In the same papers in which his nomination by the caucus was announced, it was stated that the late Republican Governor of Massachusetts, if he should wish to do so, might contest successfully at the next election the seat of one of her Representatives if he would pay $50,000. There was no hint that his character, ability, and public service without $50,000 would be of any avail in the contest for this public trust. It is not by such facts that the happy progress of popular institutions is illustrated or that high anticipations are justified. The defence of the Ohio Democrats which is offered by sensitive friends, and which consists in the assertion that nobody can prove corruption against the new Senator, is merely an insult to him. Why is corruption mentioned? Was it ever charged in the election of **Sumner**, of **Fessenden**, of **Chase**, of **Seward**, of **Thurman**? Let it be conceded that the new Senator is a skilful party manager like Senator **Quay**. Does any intelligent man believe that it is even a substantial party advantage to select such Senators, instead of such as we have named, or that any party can long maintain itself by management of the addition, division, and silence school?

TIMELY HINTS.

A correspondent in Pittsburgh thinks it singular that the friends of ballot reform in New York have not exposed the utter weakness of the **Hill-Gorman** argument that the reformed ballot law disfranchises illiterates. He points out that the objection lies against any system of voting in which printed ballots are used. A voter who cannot read must, under any system, necessarily depend upon some one who can read to select his ballot. At present in this State he depends for that service upon the ward "heeler" or the district "hustler"; and whenever it is the interest of these worthies to deceive him, they do so without the slightest compunction. Under the Australian or reformed system, and this is one of its strongest points, the illiterate voter is assisted by a sworn officer instead of a boss's heeler, and is thus protected from deception and imposition. Nothing can be clearer or simpler than this truth.

A correspondent in Maryland admits that the immense improvement in the methods of election which will be secured by the reformed system is undeniable. It has been already amply demonstrated, and can no longer reasonably be disputed. But he adds that the new system, while preventing the usual bribery or buying voters to use a particular ballot, does not prevent buying voters not to vote at all, which is a point well worth consideration. At present a voter of any one party can be bribed to vote for the candidate of the other party, thus practically securing two votes for every voter bought by the briber, and under the reformed system this double count will be stopped. But the briber will then resort to the next best thing, bribing the voter not to vote at all. In such a bargain, even under the reformed law, the briber can satisfy himself that he receives the consideration. Undoubtedly the absolute result of such bribery will be less satisfactory than under the present positive system of buying a vote, but the conditions for both sides are so easy that it is fair to assume that the number of vote-sellers will largely increase. It is easier for a man to agree not to vote than to vote against his party, and the bribe is more seductive when the bargain is negative, consisting in escape from the discomforts and jealous scrutiny and inquiry at the polls, and in securing a day of leisure for unwatched enjoyment. Thus bribery or vote-selling in this form will continue even under the reformed system, signal as the improvement of that system will be. Our correspondent suggests, therefore, stronger laws against vote-buying in every form.

Such laws, he thinks, should exempt the bribe-taker from all penalty, and place it wholly upon the vote-buyer, as has been often proposed. The need of such laws is increased just in the degree of the extent of pecuniary interest in the result of an election. In a country where only the candidate or his agents are thus interested, secret voting may substantially put an end to vote-buying. But where the entire civil service has a vital pecuniary stake in the result, and a candidate's expenses are unlimited, and no account of election expenses is required, the situation is very different. The corruption fund will be always enormous when the whole civil service is put up as the prize of the election. The suggestion of our correspondent is timely, and fortunately there is little doubt that the same good sense which secures the reform ballot law will remedy its defects as they appear.

BLOCKS OF FIVE.

Senator Edmunds is a man of plain speech and impatient of shams, and it is very easy to understand his restiveness at a lecture upon honest politics from Senator **Voorhees**. The latter gentleman's conduct and attitude during the war, as they are generally understood, were not such as to conciliate the prepossession of old Union men, and the party of which he is a distinguished member, and which has just selected a Senator in Ohio, is not in a position to reprove any other party for corrupt motives and methods.

All this may be fully conceded. But because there is unquestionable corruption in both parties, is nothing to be done? Because Indiana, according to high Republican authority, was carried by "soap" in 1880, and because "floaters in blocks of five" were probably "voted" according to Republican instructions, or without instructions, in 1888, must we all quietly submit to have our honest votes neutralized by scoundrels unless Republicans in good standing call attention to the facts? And must it be George F. Edmunds who suggests, what nobody believes, that perhaps the Dudley letter was a forgery? No man in the country has pointed out more clearly or denounced more strongly than Mr. Edmunds the consequences of a corrupt use of money in politics, and what can possibly be a worse consequence than that party spirit should incline even him to treat the matter gayly or indifferently?

It was fair for a Republican to strip Mr. Voorhees's proposition of all details which were designed to serve a mere party purpose. But it was unfortunate for an honest man and a true patriot like Mr. Edmunds to obstruct in any way or degree as a partisan an inquiry into one of the most flagrant acts of a kind which Mr. Edmunds has severely condemned as essentially fatal to free institutions.

STATE ROADS.

In the midst of Governor Hill's recent message there is a recommendation of great public interest which is worthy of careful attention. Reminding the Legislature of what its rural members know only too well, that country roads are generally in the most unsatisfactory condition, often impassable during large portions of the year except with great discomfort, and seldom kept in proper repair, the Governor states that, bad as they are, they are getting worse, and that some adequate remedy should be devised. The roads of a State, he holds, while a local convenience, are in a broader and more comprehensive sense a public convenience for the people of the whole State, and he thus leads up to his suggestion.

This is that the State should construct in every county two roads intersecting each other in about the centre of the county, connecting with similar roads in the adjoining counties, and so forming a system of State roads to be thoroughly made and maintained at the expense of the State at large. This would secure rapid, prompt, convenient, and comfortable access for all the citizens of the State to every part of it, however remote and secluded, while the excellence of the roads would stimulate every community to emulate them in constructing the ordinary local highways.

The project opens halcyon prospects to the rural citizen, and the Governor does not apprehend serious opposition from the residents of cities. Precedents for such action he finds in former liberal grants of the State for such objects, and in the State aid given to the free canals and to the construction of certain railroads. The local objections to canal and railroad grants would be obviated by the fact of the universally diffused benefits of the proposed system of roads. Many years would be required for the completion of such an enterprise, and before any debt should be contracted the wishes of the people of the State would be ascertained in accordance with the constitution.

MR. LEA'S HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION.

Mr. Henry C. Lea's great work, *The History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*, is one of the triumphs of American scholarship, and it has been received abroad with an interest and respect not often accorded to an American work. This, however, is not surprising, for it is concerned with the history of every Continental nation from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, thus traversing ground which has been the object of earnest study by native scholars of all lands, and discussing points which have always been subjects of bitter controversy, yet everywhere the portions selected for special praise are those with which the writers are most familiar.

An enlightened Catholic of immense learning, like Lord Acton, in the *English Historical Review*, is particularly impressed with its impartial presentment of facts and exhaustiveness of research. Professor Bernhardi, in *Sybel's Historische Zeitschrift*, regards its treatment of John Huss and the Hussites as worthy of special commendation. M. C. V. Langlois, in the *Revue Historique*, pronounces the chapter on the trial of the Templars as the best account of that catastrophe yet given to the world. Professor Édouard Montet, in the *Annales de Bibliographie Théologique*, selects the portion devoted to the Waldenses as peculiarly deserving of praise. Professor Tocco, in the *Archivio Storico Italiano*, lays especial stress on its ample treatment of Italian affairs and the new light shed upon them by its hitherto unpublished documents.

Each scholar seems to be impressed with that part of the work to which his own studies have been devoted, thus fulfilling the forecast of the *Saturday Review*, "that his work will be valued in proportion to the knowledge that his readers already have of the period on which he writes."

A GOOD REPORT.

The annual report of the Civil Service Commission of the State of New York contains some very interesting and significant facts. They are official statements which are of more importance than the loose allegations of the professional politicians, who hate the reformed system because it deprives them of chances to bribe by patronage. The number of non-competitive places in the State service, such as attendants in asylums, prison guards, etc., who are required to write and to know the fundamental rules of arithmetic is 2469. There are 410 places to which the competitive system applies, and there are 217 exempted altogether.

No complaint has been made that the examinations are not fair tests, or that they have not been fairly conducted. Heads of departments testify uniformly to the ability and efficiency of the persons selected by examination, and the evidence is ample that the character of the employés holding minor places has greatly improved during the last few years. Such facts as these attested by the Commission are incontrovertible evidence of the advantage of the reformed system to the State, and they justify the remark which the late head of the Commission, General Sickles, is understood recently to have made, "My own belief is, after two years of careful observation, that the civil service law and regulations, fairly administered, will commend the system of appointment to general favor among the people of our State." It cannot be denied that such an opinion from a man long and intimately familiar with "practical politics," who can have no motive but to say what he honestly thinks upon the subject, is very valuable and significant.

During the year there were 821 persons who were found qualified upon examination. Of these, 199 were in the competitive schedule, and 622 in the non-competitive. Of the former, 47 were appointed, and all of the latter. Of the 199, there were 96 who had studied in the common schools only; 46 in the academies; and 15 in the colleges. This fact shows that the common school, and not the college, is the great recruiting-ground of the service. If eligible lists are found generally to be too large, they can be diminished by raising the minimum standard, because the State is entitled to the best qualified servants. Doubtless with larger experience the whole system will be improved in details, and for its suggestive facts the report of the State Commission is one of the most important and interesting public documents of the year.

THE NEW CITY BUILDING.

The rivalry among newspapers is now so searching and alert that the growing disposition to resent the intrusion of reporters into the concerns of private life, and to disbelieve statements for the very reason that they appear in the newspaper, is not surprising. But when all exceptions are allowed, the value and force of the press as a public eye and voice were never so plain. One of the most recent illustrations of this truth is the arrest of the scheme for devastating the City Hall Park by the erection of certain new public buildings. The omnipresent press suddenly exposed the scheme, like a detective turning his lantern upon a thief. The facts and details were laid before the public, and a public opinion was at once aroused which called a halt.

The last Legislature authorized the erection of the buildings. But the public protest made by the press has arrested action, and the Mayor now states in his message that the Commissioners have decided to wait before proceeding until the Legislature has had time to amend or to continue the existing law. The Mayor also hopes that public opinion will assert itself so plainly that the settlement may have the sanction of a clearly expressed public judgment. Nothing is more desirable, and that judgment has been already clearly expressed.

Not only the unanimous voice of the press, but the hearings in the Mayor's office last September have manifested unmistakably the feeling of the city. If that feeling is honestly and adequately represented at Albany, there can be no misapprehension on the part of the Legislature. The shutting up of any of the remaining open space in the park, which is now both healthful and ornamental, would be a serious blow to the city. Space for the new building can be found elsewhere, and the present hope and expectation are that the Legislature will prohibit its erection in open grounds which should be kept open for the benefit of the city.

ENGLAND AND PORTUGAL.

In the political excitements of this century in Europe the students of the universities have always played a prominent part. During the Napoleonic wars in the beginning of the century the German students did much to support the patriotic leadership of Stein by arousing popular enthusiasm, and the Russian students are always more or less "suspect" by the police agents of the government. Freedom is the university tradition, and a sudden political movement of students is generally republican. They serve as ringleaders of the mob, as just now in Portugal, where they parade the streets of Lisbon denouncing the British government, accusing the Portuguese ministry of cowardice, and veiling the statue of the old Portuguese navigators in black as a sign of national mourning for national humiliation.

Great Britain has sent an ultimatum, and Portugal yields under protest. According to a circular note of the Portuguese government, the English ultimatum was unmannerly, and was despatched upon a mere newspaper rumor that a Portuguese major in the interior of Africa had disobeyed certain instructions sent to him in consequence of a note from England, the fact being that the major had not received the orders and consequently had not disregarded them. Meanwhile the students cry "Down with England" and cheer for Major Pinto.

There will be no war between Great Britain and Portugal. The dispute is over a question of alleged territorial rights in Africa; in other words, it is a conflict of interests in a region where "rights" depend upon the strong hand, and as no other great power has interests enough in the region to care to interfere, the only result may be one which is not cognate to the situation, namely, to strengthen republican feeling in Portugal. There is a republican party organized in the country, and whatever can be made to discredit the monarchy will naturally foster republican sentiment. But there is no general evidence of any national readiness for a republican revolution in Portugal.

MR. THOMAS AT THE LENOX.

Mr. Theodore Thomas has begun with great success a series of concerts in the Lenox Lyceum, which is designed to be popular in the best sense, that is, of music which is at once good and generally pleasing. Of the higher range of such music is the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven, which was played incomparably at the last Philharmonic Concert, under the direction of Mr. Thomas. It may be safely said that no audience which would be attracted to the Thomas popular concerts at the Lenox but would be delighted, especially by the second movement of that symphony.

The secret of general popular attractiveness in music is undoubtedly a marked and simple melody in the Mozart and Beethoven sense, played with the precision and effect which distinguish Mr. Thomas's leadership. But the melody need not be slight or trivial, and the whole work, or the work from which it is taken, may be a classic. The delight of the Philharmonic audience in what our critical friends call that "number" of the concert was spontaneous and evident. It was not the pleasure of students only, nor of connoisseurs, nor of a school or a fashion in music, but the instinctive pleasure with which any form of beauty is recognized and greeted.

At the Lyceum, as at the Philharmonic, Madame Clemence de Vere has proved herself a remarkably accomplished singer, with a true and fine voice. Her ease and security of vocalization and her quality of tone are alike charming, and few concert singers have recently attained a more unquestionable success. Mr. Thomas has demonstrated that the great and acknowledged masters of music need not be barred from truly popular concerts, and it may be well asked whether that movement of the Eighth Symphony will ever lose its charm for the musically susceptible ear.

THE LATE MR. WALKER BLAINE.

It is conceded on all sides that the late Mr. Walker Blaine was a man of unusual ability, and of a public training which promised a distinguished career. He was his father's confidential friend and counsellor, upon whose judgment Mr. Blaine gladly relied, and of whose qualities and prospects he was justly proud. In social and official intercourse Mr. Walker Blaine is described as urbane and gentle, with a tact and charm that won for him in all circles a cordial welcome. In the sore bereavement of his son's sudden death the Secretary of State and his family will receive universal sympathy.

PERSONAL.

The late Congressman William D. Kelley was an inveterate smoker and chewer of tobacco till within the last few years of his life, but the appearance of a cancerous growth in his cheek, and the warning given him by the death of General Grant, led him to give up the habit to which he had been attached for over fifty years.

—Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Virginia, the colored clergyman who won fame by his sermon, "De Sun do move," has just preached the sermon for the one-hundred-and-seventy-fifth time. He is growing old, but his fifty years of preaching do not seem to have lessened the vigor with which he presents his favorite themes. Till the close of the war Mr. Jasper was a slave. His present church, although not organized till 1867, now has two thousand members, who worship in a handsome edifice. Next to his preaching, the pastor prides himself on his skill in officiating at baptisms, and it is said that on one occasion he baptized three hundred persons within an hour.

—Clara Morris when a girl acted minor parts in plays where John Wilkes Booth was the star, and has taken up the cudgels quite vigorously in his defence against recent published statements that he was commonplace in his acting and a bravo in his general life. Miss Morris believes that he, more than any of the other sons, possessed the genius of his great father, and says that to his inferiors in the profession he was always gentle, considerate, and kind.

—Devotion to duty and an exceedingly kindly spirit marked the life of the late Stephen A. Hubbard, who was for twenty-three years managing editor of the Hartford (Connecticut) *Courant*. At one time he was associated with E. C. Stedman in the publication of the *Herald* at Winsted, Connecticut, and all his life, from the time he began learning the printing business at Amherst, Massachusetts, has been spent in a newspaper atmosphere.

—Hon. John Bigelow, ex-Minister to France, started not long ago for an extensive trip in Europe, but has been recalled from Copenhagen by the death of a son-in-law.

—Emin Pasha has been made a Doctor of Philosophy by the University of Koenigsburg.

—Seven of the twenty-seven widows made by the massacre of the Little Big Horn were officers' wives, and four of these were strongly bound together by the ties of relationship and friendship. Their husbands were General Custer, Captain Yates, and Lieutenants Calhoun and Smith. The quartette of women were all thrown on their own resources, and have bravely met the demands made of them. Mrs. Custer has won an enviable literary reputation. Mrs. Calhoun, a sister of General Custer, studied elocution, and is a successful recitationist. Mrs. Yates had three children to support and educate, and is doing it by giving dancing lessons; while Mrs. Smith is a skilled worker in embroidery.

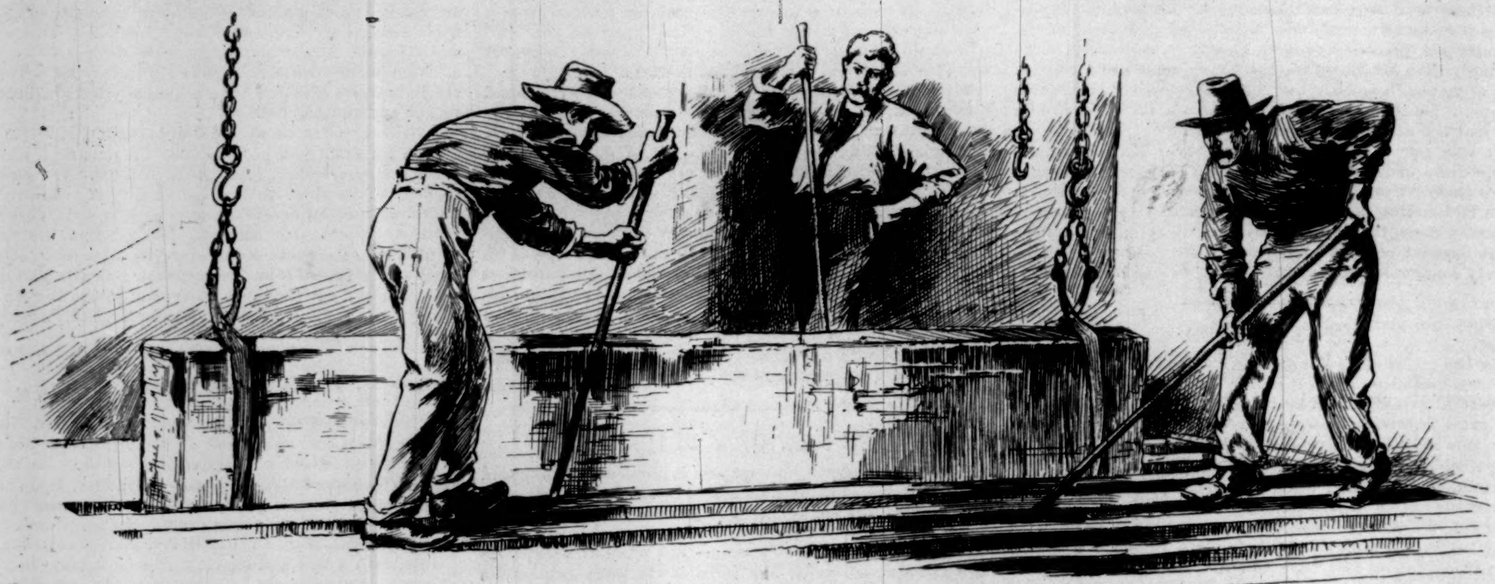
—The military service of the late Lord Napier of Magdala covered a period of sixty-three years, nearly all of it being spent in active campaigning in India and other countries where British conquest was sought. The storming of the fortress of Magdala, in Abyssinia, gave him his title and a pension of $10,000 a year, and in 1876 he was made Governor of Gibraltar, with a salary of $25,000. He resigned this post in 1882, and since then has held the commission of Field-Marshal.

—A full-blooded Moor, Madame Margaret Vayo, died in Boston recently at the age of one hundred years. She was brought to this country by Jesse Hallister, of Burlington, Vermont, a captain in the Revolutionary war, and thoroughly educated. Having married Louis Vayo, a Frenchman, she had eleven children, several of whom became quite celebrated as musicians.

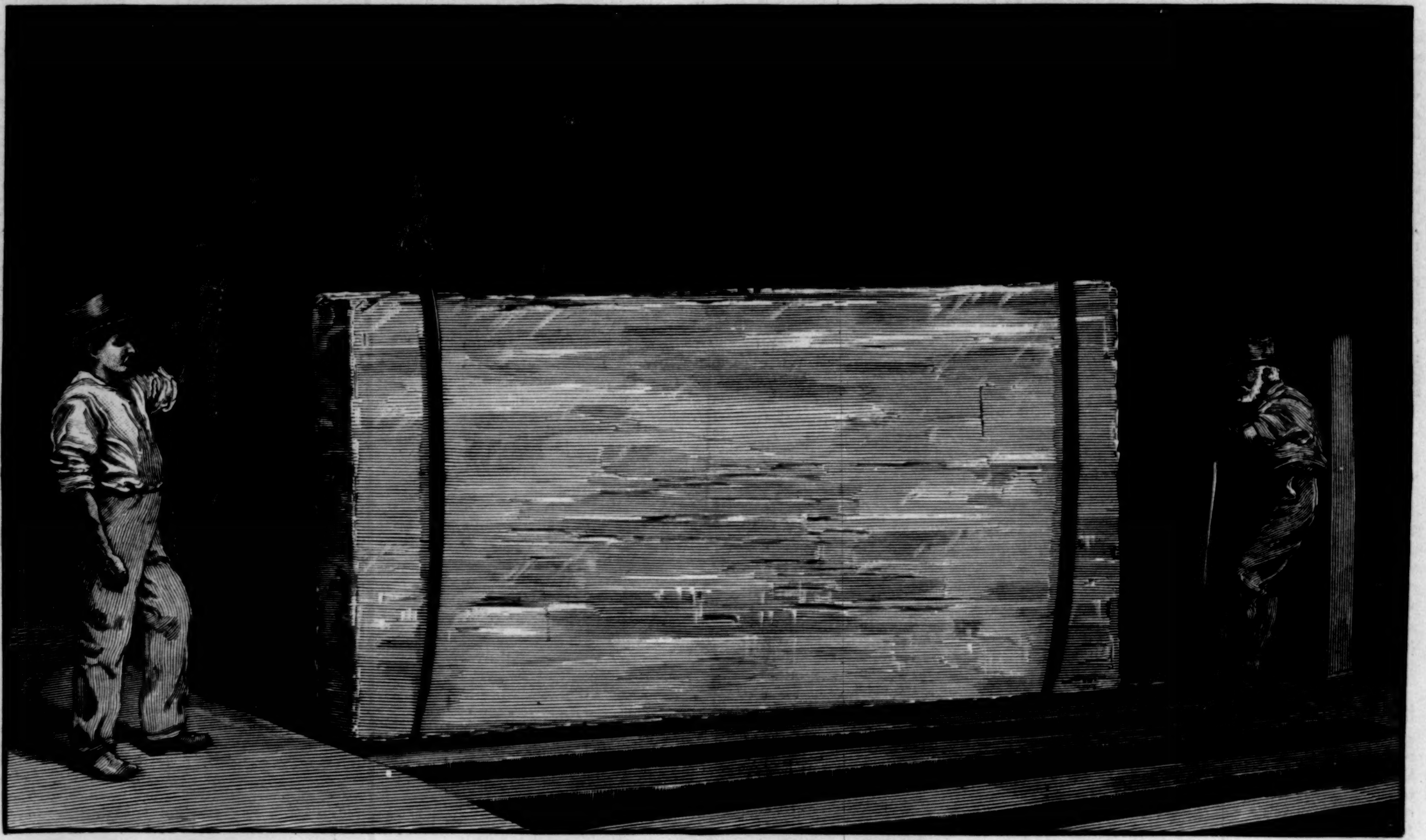
—Among the Mongolian residents of Mott Street is Whong Pok, an aged and distinguished-looking Celestial, who keeps himself aloof from his countrymen, but seems to delight in deeds of charity. He is said to have distinguished himself in the famous Tai Ping rebellion of years ago, and to have fled the country to save his head. His life as a hermit is a self-imposed penance for wrongs committed as a rebel.

—The Emperor, Princes, Generals, Cabinet Ministers, and Ambassadors attended the funeral of the late Cardinal Prince Archbishop of Vienna, the son of Farmer Gangelbauer, of Upper Austria, and humble peasants stood side by side with court dignitaries during the splendid ceremonial. Celestin Gangelbauer became a monk while a young man, and rose step by step till he was the Primate of the Austrian Empire, with an annual stipend of $30,000. He gave largely to the poor, and left but a small fortune. His successor will probably be Cardinal Count Schoenborn, Archbishop of Prague, formerly an officer of cavalry, and who greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Sadowa.

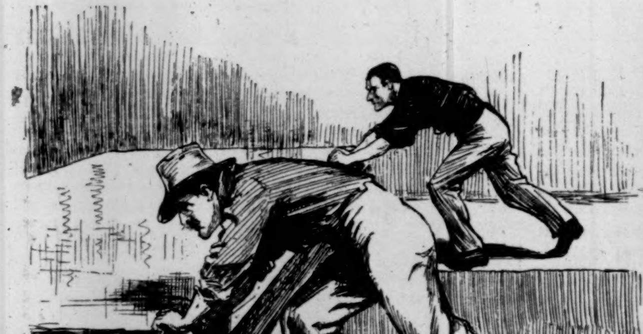
—Henry W. Grady was a most enterprising newspaper man. He reached Charleston at ten o'clock on the night after the earthquake, and by 2 A.M. had put eight columns on the wires, his report of the occurrence in the Atlanta *Constitution* being generally accepted as the best sent out. At another time he employed four hundred men and as many horses in gathering the returns of two important Congressional elections in the mountain districts of Georgia, and had the full result within ten hours after the polls had closed, although it cost him $2200 to do it.



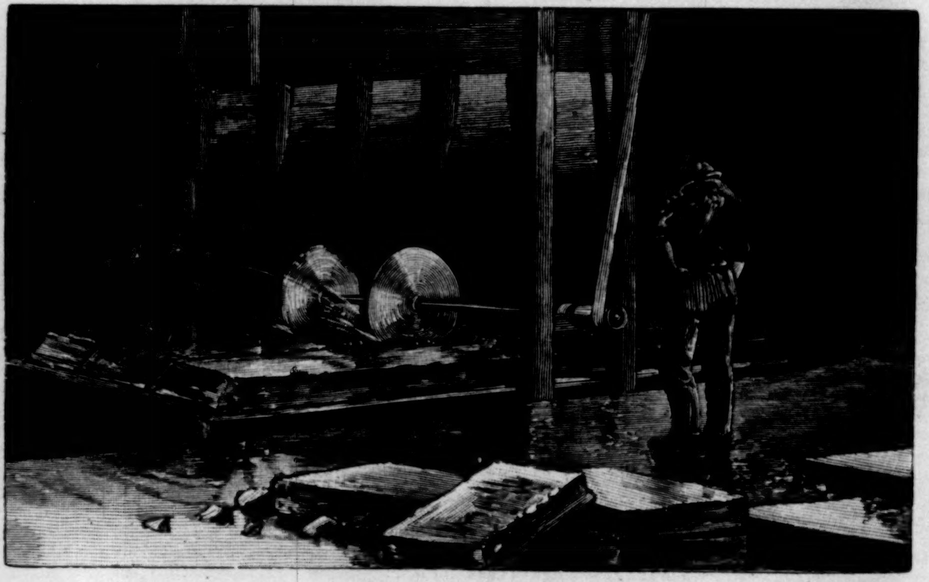
EXAMINING SLAB OF ICE IN PROCESS OF FREEZING.



COMPLETELY FROZEN—WEIGHT, FOUR AND A HALF TONS.

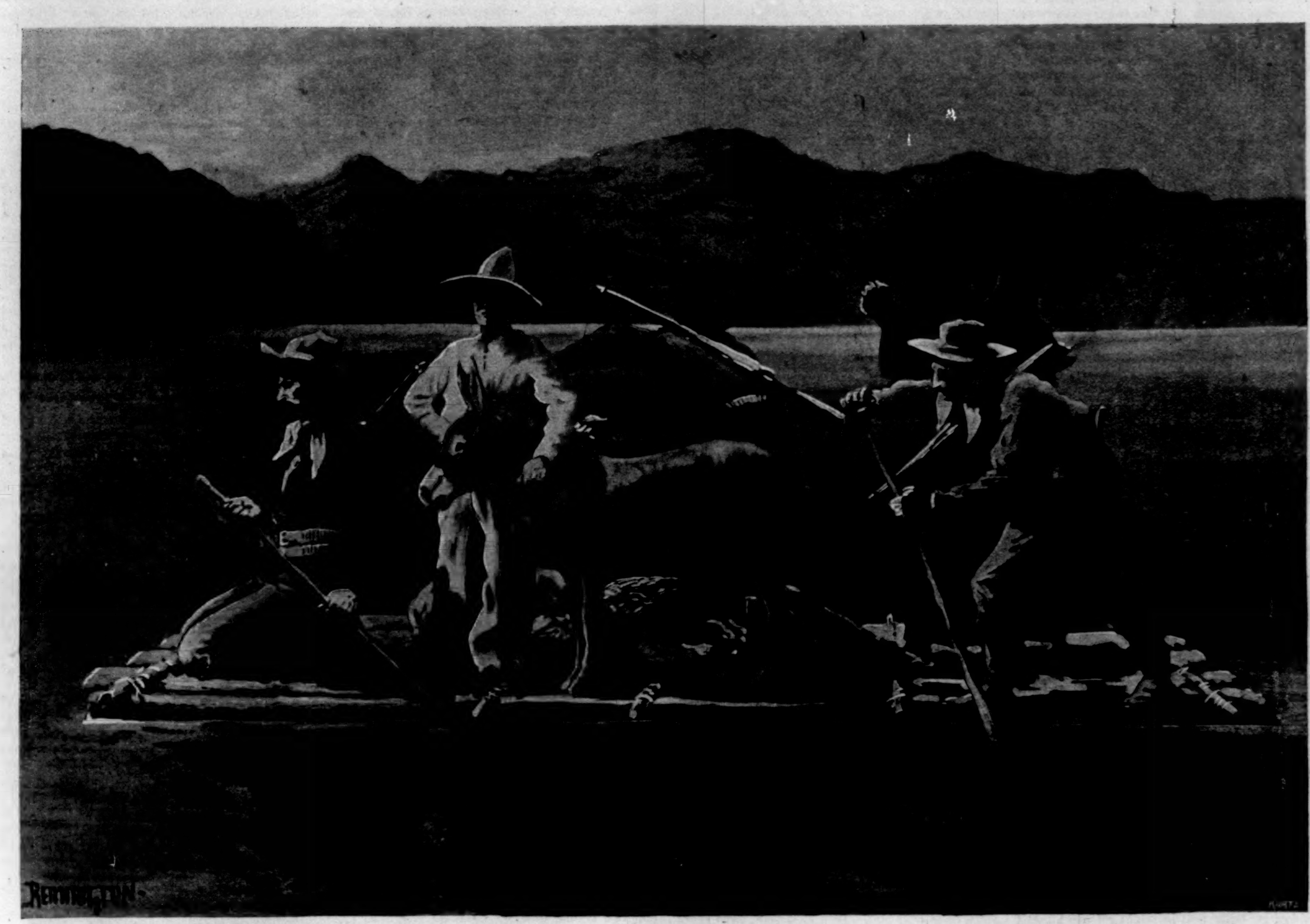


READY FOR THE CIRCULAR SAWS.



SAWING INTO SMALL PIECES.

ARTIFICIAL ICE MANUFACTURE.—From Sketches by Horace Bradley.—[See Page 67.]



"AS WE WENT ONWARD WE DISCOVERED HOW CONSIDERABLE THE CITY WAS THAT HERE LAY SUBMERGED."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

XI.—THE SUBMERGED CITY.

A SWEET, warm wind blew in our faces as we set off along the cañon, the sun shone joyously upon us, and there was that fresh, tingling quality in the air that is peculiar to regions high above the level of the sea. In spite of the fact that the way behind us was irrevocably barred, and that no matter what dangers were ahead of us we had no option but to face them, our spirits were strong within us and we went blithely on our way. Young, who was in advance, began to whistle "Yankee Doodle"; and presently, from the rear of our procession, where Pablo walked beside the heavily laden El Sabio, there broke forth a mouth-organ accompaniment to this spirited melody.

The bed of the cañon, through which a little stream ran, fell away before us along a slight down grade; which descent, since we found also a good footway beside the stream, made walking comparatively easy notwithstanding our heavy back-loads. Now and then our way would be barred by masses of rock fallen from above, and by whole trees blown down from their insecure root-hold on the rocky cliffs, and twice we came to steep descents which would have given us trouble had we not brought along the ropes wherewith our packs had been bound. Shifting El Sabio down these places was our hardest task; but with the ropes, and the intelligent part that he took in the performance, we managed it successfully.

So we went on for half a dozen miles or more through the windings of the cañon, but keeping all the while a sharp lookout ahead—for in the mouth of this end of the cañon, supposing it to open as at the other end upon a grassy valley, we well enough might come upon an Indian camp. And that we had come upon such a camp we felt quite sure when, late in the afternoon, Rayburn signalled us from his advanced position—he having gone to the head of the line in Young's place—to stand still until he should reconnoitre a little. Being thus halted, we unslung our rifles and loosened our pistols in their holsters, so that we might be ready in case fighting suddenly should begin: and Rayburn went on around a turn in the cañon, and for a while we lost sight of him.

Presently he returned and signalled us to join him, but to move cautiously. When we came up with him he led us to the bend in the cañon, and there a broad view opened to us: for the cañon suddenly widened into a great valley, that was everywhere, so far as we could see, surrounded by walls of rock almost perpendicular and vastly high. In the bottom of the valley was a broad expanse of delectably green meadow-land, broken here and there by groves of trees; and in the valley's middle part, reaching from side to side of it, was a lovely lake, whereof the blue was flecked by white reflections of certain little idly drifting clouds: the sight of all which greenness and fair water and broad range of sky—after being for so long a season pent up in rocky fastnesses and wandering over brown, sun-baked plains—fairly brought tears into my eyes because of its fresh and open loveliness. And in the tender feeling that thus stirred my heart, as I could see in the quick glance that he gave me, Fray Antonio also keenly sympathized; for his nature was very open at all times to such gentle influences.

But Rayburn and Young, as was evident from their anxious looks, were thinking only of the dangers which this lovely valley might hold in store for us; for the shore of the lake nearest to us had many houses built upon it; and we could see faintly, for the width of the lake was nearly two miles, that there were other houses upon its further shore. Standing hidden behind a rock, Rayburn examined the valley carefully through a field-glass for a long while.

"I must say, this place beats me," he said at last, as he put the glass down from his eyes. "There's no doubt about there being a town down there; but I can't make out a sign of a single living thing. And what is still queerer, the houses seem to go right down into the lake. If you'll take the glass, Professor, you'll see that a few of them, on this side, stand all right on dry ground; and then, further down the sloping bank, are a lot in the water; and beyond these there seem to be some roofs just showing above the level of the lake. And as far as I can make out, things are just the same over on the far shore. It looks as if the lake had risen after the town was built."

As I looked through the glass I saw that what Rayburn had said was true, and I observed with much interest that many of the houses were large, and that all seemed to be well built of stone. Their construction reminded me of the buildings which M. Charnay examined at Tula, and I was eager to get down to them and examine them closely. Young and Fray Antonio took the glass, in turn, and as none of us saw any signs of life in the valley, we decided to go on. And we were mightily stimulated in this resolve by finding, just at the end of the cañon, where the sharp descent began, a graving of the King's symbol on the rock, with the arrow pointing directly down the steep path.

"Here's a walled city, for sure," said Young; "and if this is where the treasure-house is, we won't raise a row because the folks have gone off and left it. Just whoop up that burro of yours, Pablo, and let's be getting along. It's a pity we had to leave the mules behind. If the treasure's in silver, we can't get away with much of it with nothing but El Sabio to pack it on."

Pablo did not understand this speech, of course, but he recognized his own name and the name of El Sabio, and Young's gestures helped out the meaning of his words. Therefore Pablo grinned, and "whooped up" El Sabio; and we all set off briskly down the steep decline.

Presently we found our way much easier than we had been led to expect by its rough beginning. As we advanced along it there was ample evidence that the path had been graded and smoothed by the hand of man. In several places it was carried on a terrace supported by a well-laid wall of stone; a deep crevice was spanned by long slabs of stone, so placed as to form a bridge; and where it turned sharply around a high shoulder of rock, the face of the cliff had been quarried away. Yet that this all had been done in a very remote time was shown by the fragments of rock which had fallen into it here and there, and which were blackened by age. "The same fellow who set that statue in place probably was in charge here," was Rayburn's comment, "and he was a first-rate engineer. I wish I knew how he managed to swing those stone slabs over that crevice. There's no room there to set up a derrick, and it would puzzle me to set blocks like that without one."

And Rayburn's admiration for the professional skill of this engineer of a long past age was still further excited when the path came fairly into the valley, and thence was carried downward along the gentle slope toward the lake, by a perfectly even two-per-cent. grade, over a broad way paved smoothly with squared blocks of stone. And Fray Antonio and I were much interested in this work also, for we both perceived the identity of its structure with the paved way that is found on the east coast of Yucatan, and that is continued on the island of Cozumel.

By this paved avenue we entered the city—for, as we presently found, it was entitled to this more dignified name. The first houses that we came to were but small buildings enclosing a single room—such as are found, inhabited by working-people, on the outskirts of any Mexican city at the present day. They were silent and deserted; but they gave, at first sight, the impression of being but momentarily abandoned, for the belongings of their owners still remained in them as though the every-day affairs of life still went on within their walls. In the first that we entered we found an earthen pot still standing on a sort of fireplace, and beside the fireplace a little pile of charcoal. There was a fragment of bone in the pot, and beneath it were some scraps of charcoal which remained unconsumed. It was as though cooking had been going on here but an hour before. Rayburn even put his hand into the ashes to feel if they still were warm. But closer examination gave us a juster notion of the long lapse of time that must have occurred since any fire had burned upon this hearth. In one corner of the room we found a pile of mats, but on touching these they crumbled into fragments in our hands; and the bone in the pot was so dry and so porous that it was light as cork.

As in this first house that we examined, so was it in all of them. All, at the first glance, seemed to have been but a moment before deserted; but all had signs about them which showed that they had been abandoned for a very long time. In one we found a loom—in construction very like that which the Navajo Indians use at the present day—on which hung, partly completed, a sheer filament that once had been some sort of heavy woollen cloth. In another, a cotton garment was lying carelessly upon a shelf, as though but a moment before cast aside; yet, as I tried to pick it up, it crumbled between my fingers into a fine powder.

Of humanity, the only sign that we found anywhere about this grim and desert place was the dried, shrivelled remnant of a woman that we came upon in an upper room of one of the larger houses further on. She was lying upon a bed of mats, partly turned upon her side, and one arm was stretched out toward an earthen cup that stood just beyond her reach upon the floor. There was strong pathos in the action of the figure—for it told of the keen thirst of fever; of weakness so extreme that the inch or two between the hand and the cup was a gulf impassable; of a moaning struggle after the water so longed for; and then, at last, of death in that utter and desolate loneliness. And what added to the ghastliness of it all was that a thin ray of sunlight, coming through a crevice in the wall, struck upon the woman's teeth—whence the lips had dried away—and by its gleaming there made on her face a smile.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1722.

As we came close to the lake we perceived, as Rayburn already had discerned by the aid of the glass, that houses, partially submerged, actually rose from the water; and that houses of which only the roofs were visible were further on. That this whole valley was the crater of an extinct volcano was sufficiently evident; and we could only surmise that in later times some fresh cataclysm of nature had poured suddenly into it a vast body of water, and so had submerged the city that had been builded here. Whatever had brought about the catastrophe, it evidently had come with a most appalling suddenness. Everywhere the condition of the houses showed how hastily they had been abandoned; and the wild hurry of flight was shown still more clearly in the case of the woman—whose surroundings gave evidence that she had been a person of consequence—deserted in her age or infirmity and left lonely to die.

Young's face wore a melancholy expression as we stood upon the shore of the lake and looked out across it toward the faintly seen western shore. "If this is the place we're huntin' for," he said, "I guess our treasure stock is pretty badly watered—unless somebody's had the sense to keep the treasure dry over on the other side. We'd better move over there, I reckon, and take a look for it; especially as we've got to go that way anyhow in order to get out. There ought to be some sort of a path around the lake, between the edge of the water and the cliffs."

But when we came to examine into this matter we found that there was no path at all. On each side of the valley the walls of rock rose directly from the water, sharp and sheer.

"Well," said Rayburn, when we had finished our inspection, "we've got to get across somehow. I guess we'll have to sail in the first thing to-morrow morning and build a raft. These pine-trees down here by the water will cut easy and float well—and there's some comfort in that, anyway. But what I'm after right now is my supper."

Pablo already had started a fire—having first unpacked El Sabio, that he might refresh himself by rolling on the soft green grass and by eating his fill of it—and Young presently had some ham fried and some coffee boiled. We had counted upon having fresh meat for supper that night, for there was everything in the look of the valley to promise that we would find game there; but, so far, not a four-footed thing nor a bird had we seen, nor even signs of fish in the lake.

In the morning we got the axes and went to work at the building of the raft—and, notwithstanding what Rayburn had said in regard to the ease of cutting them, I must confess that for my part I found the cutting of pine-trees very wearying and painful. My hands were blistered by it, and the muscles of my back were made extremely sore by it for several days. Indeed, the construction of a raft big enough to float us all, and our heavy packs, and El Sabio, was a serious undertaking. We spent two days and a half over it; and I never in my life was more thankful for anything than I was when at last that wretched raft was done. As Young observed, as he regarded our finished work critically, there was no style about it—for it was only a lot of rough logs, of which the upper and lower layers ran fore and aft, and the middle layer transversely, the whole bound together by our pack ropes—but it was large enough for our purposes, and it was solid and strong.

In the late afternoon we carried our belongings on board of it, and Pablo succeeded by dint of much entreaty in inducing El Sabio to board it also, and we pushed off from shore. For driving the clumsy thing forward, we had made four rough paddles; which well enough served our purpose, for there was no current whatever in the lake, and the air was still.

As we went onward we discovered how considerable the city was that here lay submerged. Through the perfectly clear water we could see to a great depth, and beneath us in every direction were paved streets lined with houses well built of stone. Near the centre of the valley the size of the houses greatly increased, and the fashion of their building was more stately; and fronting upon a great open square in the very centre of the city was a building of such extraordinary size that we took it to be the palace of a King: but here the water was so deep that we could make out but faintly the looming far below us of its mighty wall. Never have I been more pained than I then was: for in that place I found myself close to making discoveries of surpassing archæological value, and yet I was as completely cut off from them as though they had no existence.

Just beyond the palace, as we went onward, our raft almost touched the roof of a noble building that stood upon the top of a vast pyramidal mound, the base of which we could see but dimly, far down through the waters of the lake. This, evidently, had been the chief temple of the city; and as we passed over it and came to its eastern side we had ghastly and certain proof of the terrible suddenness with which the city had been overwhelmed. On the broad terrace before the temple was the sacrificial stone, and upon this dark mass we saw distinctly the gleaming of human bones; and as we peered down into the water we perceived that all the terrace was strewn thickly with human bones also—showing that when the rush of water came many thousands of human beings had here perished miserably. For a little while, no doubt, all the surface of the water round about where we were had been dotted thickly with the bodies of the drowned which had floated upward; and then, one by one, they had sunk again to the place where death first found them—where their flesh wasted away from them until only their gleaming bones remained.

I pictured to myself the dreadful scene that once had passed, down there below us, where now was only the calm serenity of ancient death: the great crowd collected to witness the sacrifice, and then the sudden coming of the waters—possibly so quickly that the victim, held down by the neck-yoke upon the sacrificial stone, was drowned ere there was time to slay him. This great mound would be the last of all to be covered, and the wretched people gathered there must have seen their city disappear beneath the waters before death came to them. No doubt they thought themselves safe in that high place, made sacred by the presence of their gods. And when the water did reach them, what a writhing and struggling there must have been for a little while; what a crushing of the weak by the strong in mad efforts to gain even a moment's safety upon some higher standing-place! And then, at last, the water rose triumphant in its swelling majesty over all—and beneath its placid surface were hid the silenced terrors of all that commotion of mortal agony, whereof the outcome was the peaceful and eternal calm of death.

XII.—IN THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

As the raft approached the western shore of the lake we perceived beneath us no longer houses, but large walled enclosures which plainly had been gardens of pleasure—for gaunt trees, symmetrically planted in groves and beside stone-paved pathways, yet stood in them; and seats of carved stone were placed in what once had been shaded nooks; and in many of the gardens were carved stone fountains of elegant design. Between the city and what once had been its charming suburb extended a broad paved way, like that which we had found upon the eastern shore; and this paved way was continued on the dry ground above the present level of the lake toward the cliffs westward. On the high western shore were a few houses, large and handsome, and having walled gardens around them, which evidently had belonged to persons of great wealth and consequence.

In these we found shadowy remnants of a past magnificence. On many of the walls were hangings, once rich and heavy, that now were mere films of ghostly stuff held together by the many gold threads which had been woven into their fabric. Pottery, wrought into beautiful shapes, yet ornamented with designs that told of a but half-redeemed barbarism, was scattered about everywhere, and scarcely a piece was broken. Some very elegant weapons we found also—swords and spears and knives—of the same curious metal as the sword which Pablo so opportunely had laid hands upon in the cañon, but far more finely finished and more delicate in design. And of this same metal was made a great throne, as it seemed to us to be, that was in the largest room of the finest of all the houses; a house that we believed was once the pleasure palace of the King. The audience-chamber in which this throne stood was of finely wrought stone-work, whereof the whole surface was covered with low-reliefs of men and animals—scenes of battle, of council, and of the chase—surrounded by curious tracery of such orderly design that Fray Antonio agreed with me in the belief that it was some sort of hieroglyphic writing. But this matter is treated of so fully in my "Pre-Columbian Conditions on the Continent of North America" that I need not enter upon discussion of it here.

But in none of these houses, much to the disappointment of Rayburn and Young, did we find any scrap of the treasure for which they so earnestly longed. And, truly, if treasure remained in this wrecked city, it was less likely to be in these outlying country houses than in some strong building in the city's heart—and so beyond their reach in the depths of the lake. If this were indeed the walled city for which we were searching—as well it might be, for never was a city surrounded by grander walls than the mighty cliffs wherewith the valley was encompassed—our search was like to be a vain one so far as mere treasure was concerned; though I, for my part, felt myself well repaid for all that I had thus far suffered by the discovery of so much that was of archæological value. In this purer pleasure Fray Antonio shared; yet was he also dissatisfied—for he had come with us that he might preach Christianity to living souls: and here were only the bones of countless dead.

The paved way still led westward; and we followed it—for to the westward must be the valley's outlet. As it rose to a higher level, the way widened; and on each side of it was a stone statue of the god Chac-Mool. As we came to these statues Young proceeded, in a most business-like way, and with no apparent appreciation of the queer figure that he cut, to sit down in turn on each of their heads. And he was mightily disappointed when he found that neither of them stirred. "They're not the tipping kind," he said, ruefully, as he got down from the head of the second one and looked at it with an expression of reproach.

But his countenance brightened, when we had gone on a little further, as he caught sight of another and much larger statue of the god that was set in a great niche cut in the cliff at the end of the paved way. To prepare here the god's abiding-place very arduous labor had been undertaken. For a space fully one hundred feet high and as many broad the whole face of the cliff had been quarried into, making a deep recess that was rounded above, and that from beneath was approached by a long flight of steps cut from the solid rock. In the centre of the recess, upon the terraced space above the stairs, was a huge squared mass of stone, on which the great stone figure of Chac-Mool rested. The opening faced directly eastward, and as we approached it the stone figure was seen but indistinctly in the duskiness of the recess, over which and far beyond which into the valley fell the shadow of the mighty cliff. From in front of this great altar all the valley was open to us; and hence, before the lake swallowed it, every part of the city must have been clearly visible in ancient times. As we mounted the steps and approached the idol I observed that Pablo hung back a little; as though in the depths of his nature some chord had been touched, some ancient instinct in his blood aroused, that filled his soul with awe.

Certainly there was no suggestion of awe in Young's demeanor toward the statue. With a monkey-like quickness, that I would not have given his stout legs and heavy body credit for, he climbed upon the altar and plumped himself down on the head of the figure almost in a moment. But again he was disappointed, for the idol did not stir. As we examined it closely we perceived that its fixedness was not unreasonable; for the figure, and the altar on which it rested, were one solid mass of rock that itself was a part of the cliff—left standing here when the niche around it was hollowed out. A very prodigious piece of stone-cutting all this was, and as I contemplated it I was filled with admiration of the skill of them who had achieved it. But Young came down from the idol moodily; and he said that the way these people had of playing tricks on travellers by making Mullinses that didn't tip when they ought to tip was quite of a piece with their putting their treasure where it couldn't be got at without a diving-bell.

Behind the altar the niche was cut into the cliff so far that the depths of it in the waning daylight were dusky with heavy shadows; indeed, so dense were these that Young came near to breaking his bones by falling into a little hole in the floor, that was the less easily seen because it was hidden behind a jutting mass of rock. But he caught the rock in time to save himself from falling; and eagerly struck a wax match that he might see if here were a passageway for us. Descending into the rock was a stairway, the steps whereof were smoothed as though many feet had trodden them; and down these steps he promptly went, holding the lighted match before him—these Mexican wax matches are as good as tapers—and having with him the full box of matches should further light be required. A minute later we heard his voice calling to us, but where it came from we could not tell—for he had descended into the rock below us, and the sound that we heard seemed to come from the air above. While we listened we saw the gleam of the light in the darkness below, and then he came up the stair laughing.

"Well, that's just the boss trick," he said. "I guess the old priests who used to run this place would be everlastingly down on me if they knew that I'd tumbled to it! There's a hole right up into the idol, and room inside of him for half a dozen men, and there's a crack in his head that you can see out through while you're letting off prophecies and that sort of thing. Why, if you had a crowd to work with who really believed in Jack Mullins, you could set 'em up for almost anything with a rig like that!"

But this curious discovery, in which Fray Antonio and I were deeply interested, did not forward our immediate purpose: which was to find a way out of the valley. We still cherished a faint hope, indeed, that we might find the King's symbol with the arrow pointing the way onward; and so be assured that the city buried in the depths of the lake was not the city of which we were in search. But in any event the need for getting out of the valley pressed upon us; and that we might accomplish our deliverance from this shut-in place we examined closely the whole circuit of the cliffs at the western end. Not an inch of this great expanse of rock, for as far up the wall as our eyes could see clearly, escaped our attentive observation; yet nowhere was there even by bold climbing a place where the cliff might be scaled, still less an open path. And so, having walked slowly along the bottom of the cliffs to the edge of the lake on the north, and there turned upon our steps and come slowly back again to where we started from, and having made a like double journey of inspection to and from the edge of the lake to the south, we came at last to our first point of departure, and rested before the statue of Chac Mool, disconsolate.

One discovery we had made in the course of our explorations which enabled us to understand how the fate that had overtaken the drowned city had fallen upon it. Close by the northern border of the valley we saw, high up above us, a vast rift more than a thousand feet wide in the face of the cliff; and below this the ground was torn into a deep wild channel, and everywhere huge fragments of rock were scattered over the ground. Here it was, then, that the water had poured in—bursting forth from a lake above—by which the city at one stroke had been overwhelmed. Some little notice, by the mighty roaring that must have accompanied so great a crash of rocks and so vast a rush of water, the dwellers in the city must have had; and the gleam of the pouring waters would have shown them the nature of the ruin that was upon them. There would have been time before the water was waist deep in the city streets for them to make their way to the high mound on which their temple stood: and in the appalling horror of it all they might have clamored to their priests that a victim should be sacrificed to stay this terrible outburst of anger on the part of their gods. But it was more than likely that before the sacrifice could be completed they all—people, priests, and he who was to be sacrificed—perished together beneath the flood.

"Why," said Young, "the Mill River disaster wasn't anything to it; and that was pretty bad. I was running the way freight on the Old Colony road when that happened, and I took a day off and went up and had a look at it. But this just lays that little horror out cold. It's as big as turning Massachusetts Bay loose on Boston would be."

That we should be prisoners in a place where death had wrought so swiftly such tremendous havoc was quite enough to fill our souls with a brooding melancholy. But in addition to the sombre thoughts which thus were forced upon us, bred of sorrow for the thousands who had here untimely perished, the gloomy dread of a more practical sort assailed us that we also in a little while would join the silent company of the thousands who had died here in a long past time. And the death that seemed to be in store for us was less merciful than that which had come to them. Theirs had been a short struggle: and then a gentle ending as the waters closed over them. But our ending was like to be a lingering one and miserable—by starvation.

With the loss of our mules and horses we had been compelled to leave behind us the greater portion of our stores; and for our protection against savages, and in the belief that in the mountains we should meet with an abundance of game, we had left almost all of our provisions and made our lading mainly of ammunition and arms. But in this valley, so smiling and so beautiful, there was no live thing except ourselves. Not a beast, not a bird, had we seen since we entered it; and in the lake, as we found presently, there were no fish: the only sign that animal life ever had existed here was that dried and withered remnant of a woman that we had found in the deserted house, and the bones which we had seen gleaming below us in the lake. This was, in truth, as we came thus to call it, the Valley of Death.

While we worked at building the raft we had not thought to be sparing in our eating—for building that raft was hungry work—and now that consideration of the matter was forced upon us we found that we had with us food barely sufficient for three days. We could, of course, eat El Sabio—though such was our feeling toward that excellent animal that eating him would be almost like eating one of ourselves; and Pablo, we knew, would regard eating this dear friend of his as neither more nor less than sheer cannibalism. And even if we did eat El Sabio, the meat of his little body would but prolong our lives for a week, or possibly for two weeks, more. And what then?

Had there been room in our souls for yet more sorrow, we could have had it in the thought that in all that we had set out to do we had completely failed. If this Valley of Death were indeed the place that we had been seeking, little good came to us from finding it. Of the souls which Fray Antonio had come forth to save, here there were none. Of archæological discovery, truly, I had something to make me glad; yet little compared to what was hidden beneath the waters—and even this little, since knowledge of what I had found soon must die with me, was of no avail. As for Rayburn and Young, the treasure which they sought might or might not be near at hand; but they certainly could no more come at it than, were it heaped up before them, they could carry it away. And most of all was my heart troubled by the fate that was like to overtake Pablo because of his love for me. Bitterly I blamed myself for permitting the boy to come with me; for I should have foreseen that a hundred chances might intervene to render impossible my intention to give him his free choice to go or to stay when the decisive turning-point in our adventure came. In point of fact, one of these chances had intervened; and the attack upon us that the Indians had made, and the closing of the passage in the rock behind us that rendered return impossible, had forced him to remain with us without voice of his own in the matter, and now would bring him, as it would bring the rest of us, to the most horrible death of which a man can die.

Night was falling as we ended our search along the cliffs for a way of escape, and found none, and so came again in front of the great idol—where our packs had been left heaped up, and where the Wise One, happily unmindful of the fate that might soon be in store for him, was energetically cropping the rich grass. We built a fire, for the air in that deep valley, mingling with the mists rising from the lake, was damp and chill; and beside the fire we made our evening meal. There was no good in talking about what was so apparent to all of us, but Young, who was our cook, showed his appreciation of the situation practically by serving only half rations and by making our coffee very thin and poor.

Silently we ate our short allowance of food; and thereafter we smoked our pipes with but little talk for seasoning, and that little of a melancholy sort. Of our own plight we did not speak at all, but in what we said there was constantly a reflection of the bitter sorrow with which all our hearts were charged. I remember that Young, who truly was as merry a man naturally as ever I knew, told us that night only of dreadful railroad accidents—of wrecks in which men lay crushed among the heaped-up cars, shrieking with the agony of their hurts; and then shrieking with dread and with yet greater pain as the fire that seized upon the ruin around them came nearer and nearer until they fairly were roasted alive. And Rayburn told of a prospecting party besieged by Indians upon a mountain-peak in Colorado: how, one by one, they slowly died in a raving horror of thirst until one man alone was left; and how this one man prolonged his life until rescue came by drinking the blood of his own body—and yet died in raging madness almost at the moment that he was saved.

For myself, I had nothing to add to these horrors; yet such was my frame of mind that I found a certain bitter gladness in listening to the telling of them, and in tracing between them and our own case the ghastly parallel. In our talk, which went on in English, Fray Antonio took no part; but he could follow well enough the meaning of it in our tones. On his face was an expression of tender melancholy that seemed to me to tell of sorrow for us rather than of dread of what might be in store for himself; and that this truly was his mood was shown when the others paused, sated and appalled by the horrors which they had conjured up, and he spoke at last.

It was not a sermon that Fray Antonio gave us; but out of the abundant store of faith by which he himself was sustained he strove to comfort us with thoughts of better things than life can give. And with the promise of hope, that he held out to us with the solemn authority that was vested in him by reason of the service to which he was vowed, he mingled a certain yearning for us, very moving, that came of the love and the tender gentleness that was in his own heart. And yet, though he knew that, excepting Pablo, we all were heretics according to his own creed, there was no word of doctrine in all of his discourse. Rather was what he said a simple setting forth of that primitive Christianity which has its beginning and its ending in a simple faith in an all-pervading, all-protecting love. And of this love, as it seemed to me, he himself was the human embodiment. Looking in his gentle face, which yet had such high courage, such noble resolution in it, I felt that in him the spirit of the saints and martyrs of long past ages lived again.

With our souls soothed and strengthened by what Fray Antonio had spoken to us, we lay down at last to sleep; yet was it impossible for us to drive out from our hearts that natural sadness which men must feel who know that they have failed in a strong effort to accomplish a project very dear to them, and who know also that they are standing upon the very threshold of a most tormenting death.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CLUBS OF BOSTON.

(*Continued from page 60, Supplement.*)

From Boylston Street the club, growing prosperous as Boston recognized that it was really wanted, moved into its present house on the Back Bay, once the dwelling-house of one of the city's leading bankers. And now within its walls one may hear good talk, and be reasonably sure of those delights for which Sam Johnson founded his tavern-haunting assemblies of good fellows. And one may meet straying actors, playwrights, authors well favored by fortune, and authors whose unsuccessful volume does not count so long as they have ready tongues and merry wits. And there are Saturday evening meetings, called smoke talks, held in the big gallery in which the artists show their handiwork (for the borderland is preserved), and at these smoke talks papers are read, and are disputed about by men who sit at round tables, where they partake of tobacco and beer along with their intellectual provender. And, finally, there are concerts given on Sunday afternoons by an orchestra of members, and to these come the very elect, both men and women, for even so has Boston become wider and more nearly in touch with modern civilization; but it is not the St. Botolph, most genial and sparkling club as it is, that has brought about this state of things, but the club is the blossom of the life about it, and having once bloomed, its fragrance has permeated the whole community.

It will be observed, I hope, that no wonder is expressed at this employment of Sunday, and no mention has been made of the Puritan Sabbath. It is quite as absurd to be playful on the difference between modern life and Puritan theories as to express curious astonishment at the abstention of modern civilized man from the practices of cannibalism. There is no humor in a fact so long established as to be commonplace. The Puritans lived in the early youth of the race, and would be astonished by nearly everything that occurs in the daily lives of their very much more highly developed descendants. They would not only be horrified by the Sunday concerts at the St. Botolph, but conscientiously neglectful of their divinely formed bodies as they were, they would have shaken their lank chops at the swimming pool, the baths, the gymnasium, and the tennis-courts on the roof of the great Athletic Club, which is a noble monument to Bostonian worship at the shrine of muscle.

In the modern love of sports, Boston holds first place. The Country Club at Brookline, successor to the Myopia Club, established by a family of short-sighted youth, is the oldest of our country clubs, and the still existent Myopia Hunt dates far back. There are more athletics to the individual than in any other city of the Union. Rowing races were an institution of the municipal Fourth of July celebration when they were in their merest infancy on the Harlem River. There are yachtsmen in New York as well as in Boston, and hard riders over hurdles and after the hounds, tennis-players, and what not. Whether the metropolis contains the famous boxers that were to be found at the Crib Club is a question that would be doubted by the gilded youth who remember witnessing the early efforts of the renowned Sullivan and other great men in the mills that were held under the auspices of the club. Out of this old boxing organization, at which a vast amount of local talent was developed, grew the Athletic Club, which is one of the largest organizations of its kind in the country. It is one of those vast concerns with which we are becoming more familiar, provided with the means for strengthening the bodies of the human race. The men who build such a club-house as that of the Athletic Club, of Boston, at least appreciate the body at its true worth. Here exercise is surrounded by all that luxury can bestow, and pampered appetite can find its corrective under the roof where it is gratified. Athletic clubs are possible because their membership is enormous. Thus far the Boston club has not undertaken to maintain a race of runners, hammer throwers, putters of the shot, and other experts, for the purpose of winning prizes. It may be, in the time to come, that the Bostonians will grow up to the adoption of this trick, but thus far they have been in the habit of doing their own feats of strength and agility, as they have usually sailed their own yachts, even in those momentous preliminary trials in which the cup defenders were chosen.

The Country Club, originally instituted as a hunt club, is what all country clubs have become. Its pleasant house in Brookline, the most beautiful suburb of Boston, is a place to which one drives or rides, where excellent dinners are served, and whither people go for dances. Either there is something more frolicsome in a ball at a country club, or else there is a deal of enjoyment on the way there and back. And the Country Club of Boston is admirably situated for getting the full enjoyment out of this process of going and returning, for it is not, like the Country Club of Westchester, far from the homes of citizens, nor is the approach over the rough roads of towns that will not mend their ways. Brookline is not far away, and the roads are so hard and smooth that they would gratify the soul of the Scotchman who invented them.

Unique among clubs is the Tavern, which had its origin in a restaurant where an Italian cooked his native dish after a fashion so common in New York that dozens of places can be found here where the macaroni is quite as good as that which actually astonished the provincial palate of Boston—for it must have been realized before now by any one who has had the patience to read so far that Boston cannot be so intensely local and individual without being also intensely provincial. In New York the Italian would have continued to keep his little restaurant, serving his macaroni to appreciative customers, no strangers to his dainty art; but in Boston his art was new, and there being added to the local lovers of the pasty stems some foreign musicians, the restaurant became a quaint club, full of the fun and spirit of which musicians and artists were the centre. William D. Howells was its first president, and it has now a building of its own. It is another outgrowth of the development which has made the St. Botolph possible and prosperous.

To mention all the clubs of Boston would be to introduce into the article what, according to Freshman criticism, is a defect which not only mars the Second Book of the Iliad, but is so obtrusive and expansive as to come in time to be the only feature of the epic that is recalled by Bachelors of Arts. Moreover, to name the Suffolk, the Central, and the many-motived dining clubs would be merely to demonstrate that Boston human nature is like its kind the world over, and loves segregation. We must be content with showing the kind of club life that Boston possesses, avoiding the error into which Homer fell, and the vain and foolish labor of demonstrating an axiom. All cities, and all men of happy social disposition, have their clubs, which are precisely what they are made by those who frequent them.

IDEALITY.

THEY brought high honor, loyalty to truth,
A swift keen justice, and an iron will,
Yet stern—those grand old Puritans, in sooth—
As that wild shore when winter winds were shrill.
A light, a fire, a something mocked them still—
A light that waked in sweet Priscilla's eyes;
A fire that flashed, defiant of disguise,
Through many a heart devoid of outward ruth;
A something born of Heaven that never dies.

In that grim soil, beneath its rock and snow,
A spirit slumbered, biding till its hour.
The spirit wakes, the seasons come and go,
And the wide land is glad with fruit and flower.
The years roll on, and lo! that subtle power
Those stern hearts vainly strove to crush in shame
Has fired men's souls to higher, holier aim
From Maine's dark pines to Rio Grande's flow,
From sea to sea—a deathless, heaven-born flame.

CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON.

ICE-MAKING IN NEW ORLEANS.

ICE is not now so much a luxury as a necessity of civilization. In northern latitudes it is one of the few simple products of nature which enter unchanged into consumption, and cannot be improved or imitated. Southern latitudes could only get it, however, by bringing it from the perpetual reservoirs of mountain snow fields and glaciers, or from deep caves, as is done in some foreign countries, or else by importation from the stores collected upon Northern lakes and rivers.

With the knowledge of chemistry, however, came a discovery of a means for producing cold artificially under limited conditions; and with the advance of mechanical ingenuity there arose inventions for the application of this chemical knowledge upon a large scale. Hence ice can now be manufactured in the warmest climates in any amount required, and this can be done so cheaply that in this country the old business of carrying it from the Northern to Southern States has well-nigh disappeared. Every Southern town now has its ice factory, and in the larger cities several may be found, and their product is superior to any but the clearest natural ice, frozen under the sudden and severe cold of the St. Lawrence Valley, while its substance is as pure as the distilled water of which it is made.

The machinery and apparatus required for making ice commercially form an extensive plant. There must be a powerful engine to drive the pumps; great iron retorts to hold the aqua ammonia and generate the gas, and to receive it again; a long system of pipe coils for the circulation of the gas; and extensive vats, in which the ice-cans are placed and the ice formed.

The process is simple in its philosophy, and depends upon the heat-absorbing power of a substance which is expanding after great condensation. The substance used in this case is ammonia. Mixed with water to the amount of 26 per cent., it is placed in one or more great cylinders or retorts, which contain coils of pipe. Into these pipes steam is sent, heating the contents of the retort until the ammonia is separated from the water and forced out into another retort, where it is subjected to a pressure of something over 200 pounds to the square inch, under which it liquefies.

In another room, which has double walls and ceiling and protected doors, as in a refrigerator, are arranged one or maybe several vats, each perhaps 50 feet square and 10 feet high, in which are suspended from the top frame or covering as many cans, made of galvanized iron, as the space will accommodate. A convenient size is a can about 4 feet high, 8 inches wide one way and 16 inches the other, which will hold a cake weighing just 200 pounds. Some, however, are much larger than this, as is the case in some of the New Orleans factories, where the cakes are slabs extending clear across the vat, which need to be sawed up before marketing. Between all these cans, as they hang in the vat, pass lines of iron pipe, connected with mains outside that lead from the retorts, and the whole vat is filled with brine; so that when the cans are all in place the space between them is filled with salt-water, in which they are immersed up to their rims. This brine is kept in motion by pumps, so as to maintain a uniform temperature throughout.

Such is the whole apparatus for manufacture. In the great condensation to which the ammonia gas has been subjected in order to liquefy it, it has been obliged to part with its heat, and the large pipes in which it is carried to the vats are white with frost, showing how cold they are.

When ice is to be made, the cans are filled with distilled water—the machinery for producing which is a part of the plant—and covered with thick caps. Then the stopcocks are turned, and the ammonia admitted from the main pipe into the coils that run throughout the brine in the vat.

The instant the tremendous pressure is relieved by opening the stopcocks, the liquid ammonia expands into gas, and rushes to fill every coil of the pipes. In this expansion it must reassume the amount of heat it parted with when undergoing condensation, and it extracts it from the surrounding brine, which presently becomes so cold that it in turn extracts all the heat there is in the distilled water within the cans, which at once begins to congeal, as would the water outside the cans were it not saline and in motion.

In a few hours each can is found to contain a block of solid ice. A travelling pulley is then rolled over it, hooks are fastened in the can; it is hoisted out of the vat, lowered for a moment into a bath of warm water to loosen the ice, and then upset, whereupon the block slides out, and is taken away to be stored, or put into a delivery wagon, or placed in front of a circular saw and divided into smaller blocks.

A perfect block of such ice is as white, transparent, and flawless as a cube of flint-glass—a perfection due to the absence of any air whatever in the distilled water from which it is made. Spring, or hydrant water, however pure, will not answer here, as it contains so much air that the ice would look like snow, and have little solidity or value. With the greatest precaution, however, some air will get mixed into almost every canful, and will appear in the ice as a core or tree-shaped centre of quill-like bubbles, which is sometimes exceedingly beautiful. The freezing always begins at the bottom and sides, driving the air to the centre and proceeding toward the top, so that the cans do not burst. Of course a fish, meat, fruit, or anything else suspended in the water of the can will be enclosed in the ice with handsome effect. This ice is sold at wholesale for from 40 to 50 cents a hundredweight; at retail for 65 to 75 cents.

After the ammonia gas has done its work, it is returned to a retort, and thence conducted again to its starting-place, where it is reabsorbed by the water, and can be used over again. Thus the process goes on continuously as long as needed. There is some waste, of course, which is supplied by pure or anhydrous ammonia. One of the curiosities of the factory is to set a cup of this on the stove. It will boil almost immediately, but the unlearned visitor is astounded to see mercury drop far below freezing-point when it is plunged into the vaporous ebullition.

Attached to many ice factories are cold storage-rooms, in which a low temperature is maintained by pumping into them or their surrounding chambers the cold air produced in the ice-making. The pump which does this work will be fire-hot at one end, where it gets its steam-power, and thickly glazed with ice at the other end, where the cold air is fed to it.

STORM AND CALM.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

I.—STORM.

OVER the leaden sea the wind blows shrill,
Hurling the billows on the sullen shore;
It thunders with the battle's brazen roar,
Piling the waves in many an angry hill;
The tempest bellows with a maddened will.
What surging harmonies its trumpets pour,
In choruses that to the heavens soar,
And all the sky with rumbling tumult fill!
While variations of its wind-swept wail
Are intermingled with the sudden booms
Of seething breakers on the shore of night.
Out of the inky darkness and the gale
Calmly, defiantly the light-house looms,
All-glorious in its wreath of living light.

II.—CALM.

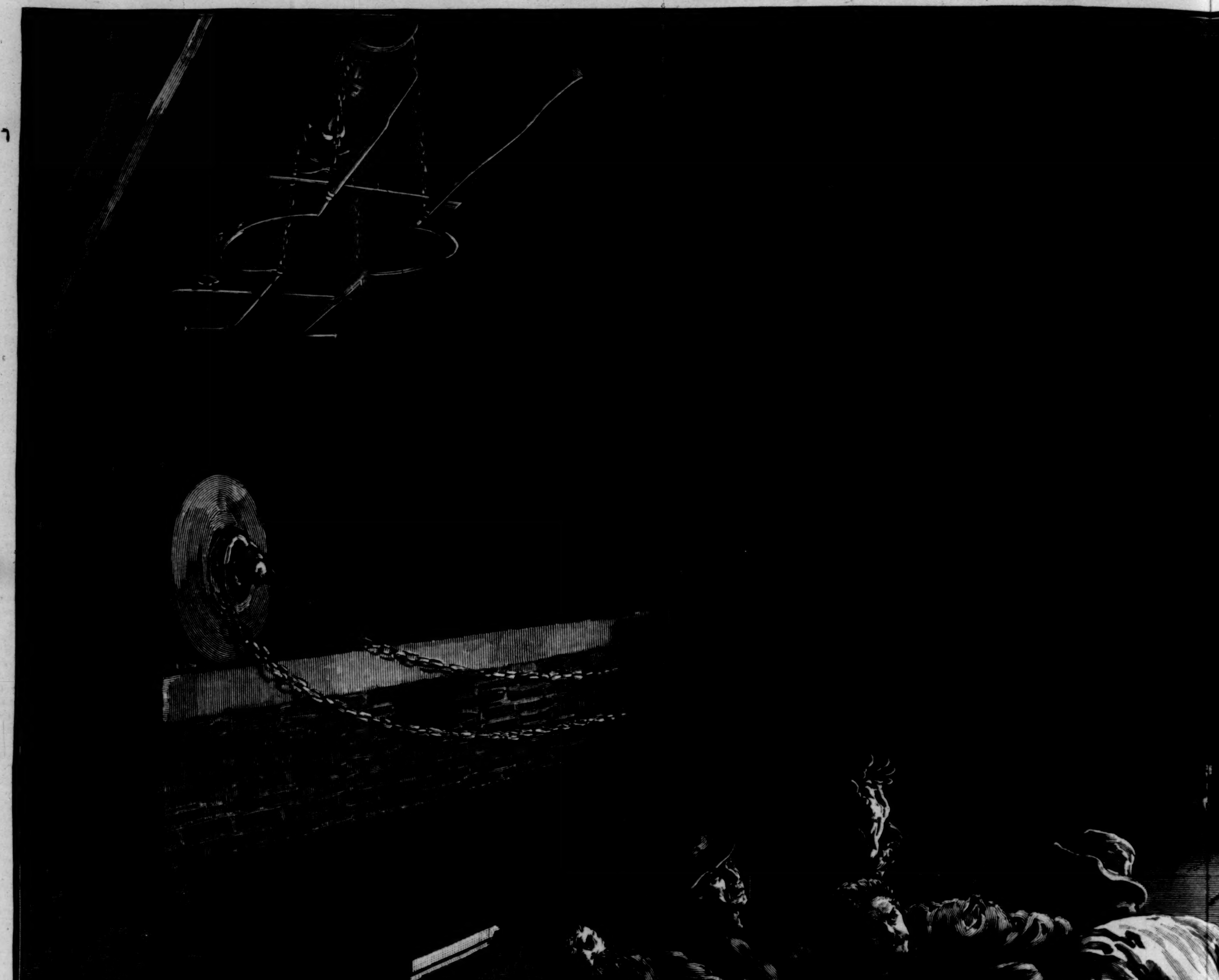
Now morning on the pulseless ocean throws
Its white-winged kiss, and in the smile of day
Dissolves the sea's pale drapery of spray,
While the new moon beneath its bosom goes;
It shimmers faintly in the kindling rose
Of dawn that flecks the weary wastes of gray.
A soothing quiet stretches far away
That seems the incarnation of repose;
The music of the sea—that's never still—
Breathes its celestial spirit on the calm,
Like a soft prelude from the tide of sleep;
While the first sunbeams tremulously fill
Yon idle sail that, spread for isles of palm,
Rests like a day-dream on the shining deep.

THE FATE OF BOOKS.

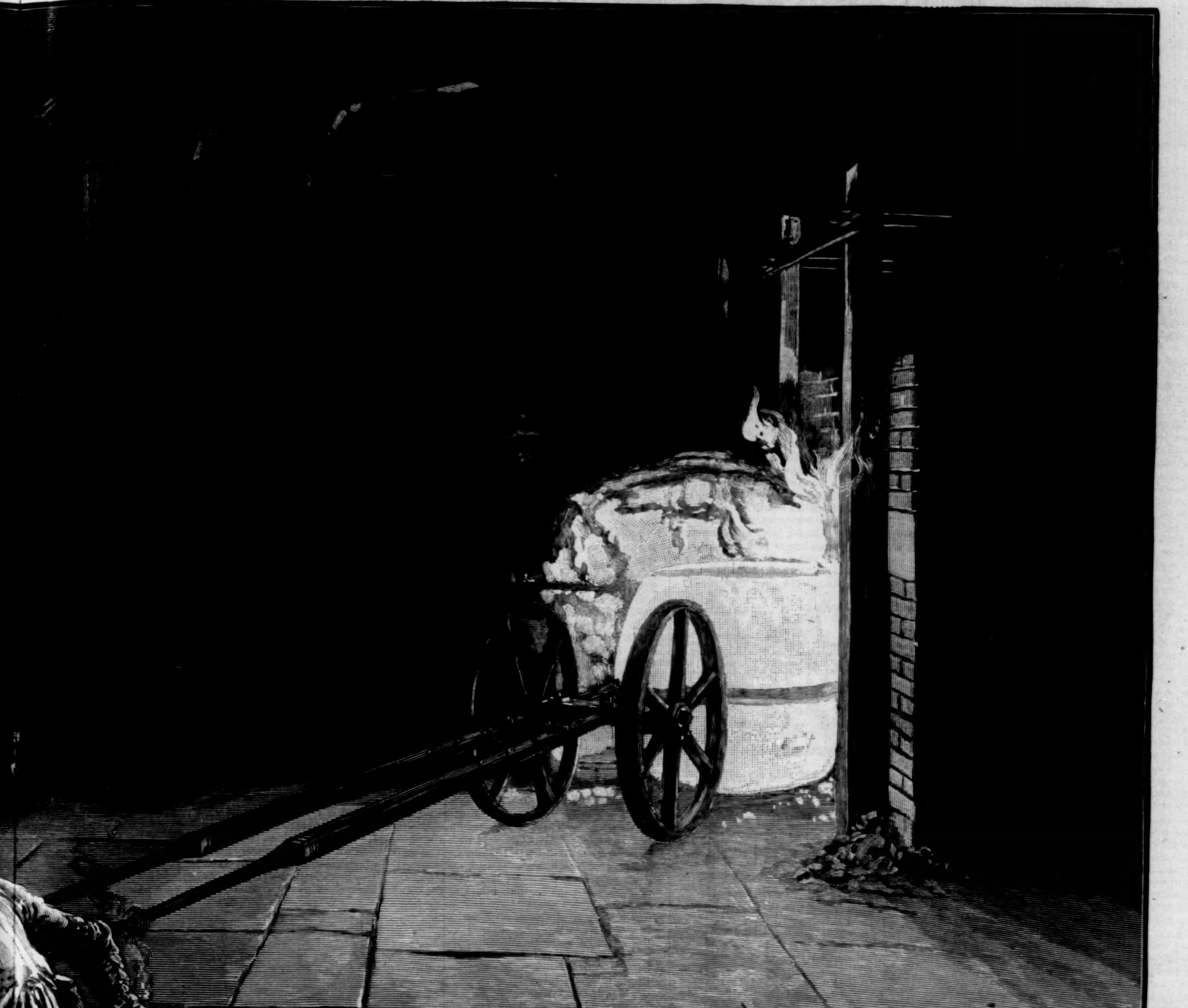
THE ups and downs of many an important literary work of antiquity have been most singular. In a very unique way they demonstrate the correctness of the classical dictum "habent sua fata libelli." It is well known that the accidental discovery in a waste-basket in the Mount Sinai Cloister of several leaves of the *Codex Sinaiticus* led to the finding by Tischendorf of that most famous manuscript of the New Testament. A recent publication by the French savant Omont has drawn attention to the strange fate of another old manuscript, and at the same time indicates the laborious methods to which scholars must resort in order to rediscover some of the lost remains of ancient literatures. In one of the well-known cloisters on Mount Athos, where more than twenty thousand Greek manuscripts are preserved and awaiting further research, there existed at one time a sixth-century copy of the Pauline epistles. In the thirteenth century monkish ignorance destroyed this valuable document, and used the leaves as binding for later and inferior books. A number of these manuscripts in the seventeenth century found their way to western Europe, and came into possession of the French Chancellor, Pierre Segnier, and are now found in the *Bibliothèque Nationale* in Paris. In the year 1715 Montfauçon found in these bindings fourteen leaves of this old epistle manuscript. Some years later other leaves were found, namely, two in the Synodical Library at Moscow; four in the possession of Bishop Porfiri and of the Abbot Antonius, of Kiew; two in the University Library at Turin; nine in the library of the Lawra Cloister on Mount Athos. In this way thirty-one leaves of this manuscript had been rediscovered, but scattered over all Europe. To these Omont has added ten more, one of which was found in the Rumjanzen Museum at Moscow, and nine in the collection which the French specialist in Greek literature, Emmanuel Miller, had found in an Athos cloister, and had been secured by the National Library in Paris. Of these nine leaves, however, two had in the beginning of this century in some way or other found their way to St. Petersburg, where also one of the leaves of the nine originally belonging to Bishop Porfiri was rediscovered; and of the nine leaves which Duchesne in 1875 found in the cloister Lawra, one is now in Paris.

Accordingly, the forty-one leaves of this sixth-century manuscript are found scattered in no fewer than eight libraries, namely, twenty-two in the National Library of Paris, eight in the Lawra Cloister on Mount Athos, two in the Synodical Library at Moscow, one in the Rumjanzen Museum at Moscow, three in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, three in the Academy of Kiew, and two in the University at Turin. And yet these leaves contain only about the one-tenth of all the epistles, namely, 234 verses, divided as follows: 16 from I. Corinthians, 42 from II. Corinthians, 28 from Galatians, 29 from Colossians, 13 from I. Thessalonians, 44 from Hebrews, 40 from I. Timothy, 9 from II. Timothy, and 13 from Titus.

By a similar process Professor de Goije, of Læyden, has succeeded in rediscovering the works of Tabari, who for Arabic historiography is what Thucydides is for the Greek and Livy for the Latin. His history was supposed to have been lost, with the exception of a few fragments. De Goije, through correspondence with nearly all the libraries of Europe, and many in the Moslem lands, has been able to gather together again all the parts and portions of this standard work, to which the library of the leading mosque in Tunis furnished the chief contribution. Literary coadjutors are at work in dozens of libraries copying and collating the fragments, and it is supposed that five years will elapse before the whole of this valuable work will be given to the historian and Orientalist.



DRAWING A POT OF MOLTEN GLASS FROM THE FURNACE.—Drawn by



by W. A. Rogers.—[See Article on “The Art of Cutting Glass.”—[See Page 70.]

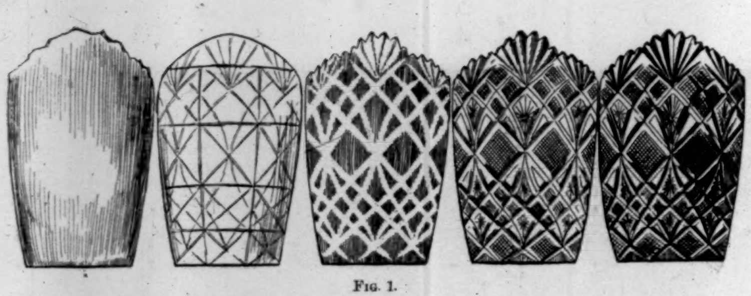


FIG. 1.

THE ART OF CUTTING GLASS.

THE art of glass-making is very ancient, while it and the arts by which it is embellished flourish in an exceeding great measure, and have attained a degree of excellence which makes them very interesting. Their products are among the beautiful achievements of men, and human genius, working in this lustrous and ductile material, has given to us much exquisite pleasure. In our own country these arts have advanced in recent years with most wondrous strides. The decorative glass used in domestic architecture and in memorial and church windows has a beauty of tone and depth of color that are seldom surpassed, while in the lesser art of cutting, no country in the world excels us. It is this art and its recent development in the United States that will make the subject of this paper.

The large picture by Mr. Rogers on another page illustrates the work of the "crew" with a "melting-pot." This is the basic implement in the manufacture of flint-glass—the kind that is used for vessels that are to be decorated by cutting, engraving, or etching. The pots, called "monkey-pots," differing from those used for making glass of other qualities, are an oval cylinder, with the opening at one side of the top. They are immense vessels, capable of holding about 1500 pounds of melted glass. They are from 3 to 3½ feet high, and from 4 to 5 feet wide. They are very carefully built up with a clay that is toughened by treading. Most of the pot clay used in this country is imported from England or Germany, although good clay is found in the United States, and is gradually coming into more and more general use. It is possible that the time is approaching when American clays will be almost wholly used, and that all that is required to bring about a universal confidence in them is a larger and more intimate knowledge of their component parts. The pots must be treated with the utmost care, for the slightest flaw will be fatal to their valuable contents, and will result in serious loss. The clay must be selected with the utmost caution. It must be almost entirely free from lime and iron. In its preparation it is first mixed with warm water until it becomes a paste, and is then kneaded by men with naked feet. It is put aside in a damp room to ripen; when it is to be used, it is mixed with the ground material of old pots. The pots are built up by hand, layer after layer. The pots cannot be made continuously, but must be left occasionally to dry, in order that the lower layers may not be pressed out of shape by the successive masses of clay. When the pot is finished it is removed to a drying-room, where it is protected from draughts, so that the drying may be uniform. This process is completed in a second room, which is heated by a stove, and afterward the pots are placed in a store-room, where they are kept from six months to a year, and they are finally made ready for the performance of their task by being placed in the annealing furnace for four or five days. They are here subjected to a great heat, and are kept red-hot. In this state they are moved by an immense forceps on a truck drawn by a crew of men to the main furnace. This work requires great skill and quickness. The pots are enormously heavy; intensely hot; the glare is almost blinding; and they must be moved so quickly that the pot shall not be injured by sudden cooling. Several of these pots are placed on a platform of stone or fire-brick in the furnace, each opposite a small opening through which it can be filled. The entrance to the main furnace, through which the pots were introduced, is now closed with a movable door or brick. This is done in order that the heat may be retained. The pots, being closed in, are filled with the material from which the glass is made, called frit. The melting or vitrifying of this mass is called founding. This melted mass, from which the scum must be removed when it is hardly distinguishable from the white light of the fire, is called metal, and is ready to be worked up. In the course of this process the pots are subjected to a great strain. The heat may develop a latent imperfection which will crack or burst one of them. In this condition the broken pot and the leaking metal are very dangerous to the neighboring pots and their contents, and must be removed as speedily as possible. The furnace must be broken open. The "crew" accomplish this protected by sheet-iron plates, seize the pot in the forceps, and run it on the truck quickly to the open air. This task is not unattended with danger, and demands great dexterity.

The mixture which is used for the manufacture of flint-glass is sand and oxides of lead and potash. Its color and lustre are given by the lead, which may be said to characterize it. The pots are closed at the top, because the metal must be protected from impurities. The contents of the pot may turn out to be good or bad. The result, especially when the glass-makers are not thoroughly expert, is a lottery, and it is probable that American flint-glass has not so high a standing as the English or Baccarat largely because the makers have not been so skilful as the foreigners. Nevertheless, the product of the American flint-glass works is improving every year, and glass has been made in this country which is not excelled anywhere; while as for the glass used for cheap table-ware, it is made better in the United States than anywhere. It is here that lime has been substituted for lead in the glass made for this purpose—a notable discovery, for lime glass has much of the lustre of lead, and is very much cheaper.

The glass which is to be embellished by cutting is formed into its final form either by blowing or moulding. Flint-glass is also pressed, and in some cases a glass vessel has been subjected to all three processes. As a generalization merely, it may be stated that the round vessels, like tumblers and goblets, are blown, and that square vessels are moulded. The blowing of flint-glass is a process similar to that employed in the window and other glass factories. The man with the gathering iron thrusts his blow-pipe into the furnace and gathers his ball of glass on the rod, and this bulb of glass is blown and manipulated, shaped with irons, and moulded into the shape which is required. Almost every one has seen the glass-blower at work, and knows how the soft and ductile glass is pulled out in all directions; how holes are blown into cylinders that are intended for hollow goblets; how, when the glass cools so that it can no longer be manipulated, it is sent once more to be heated in the furnace. If the vessel is of a shape that is produced by moulding, the gatherer drops the molten mass into an iron mould, which is immediately closed and pressed together. It is better for the lustre of the article, however, that it should be blown, for it acquires a certain polish by manipulation in the air, of which the mould deprives it.

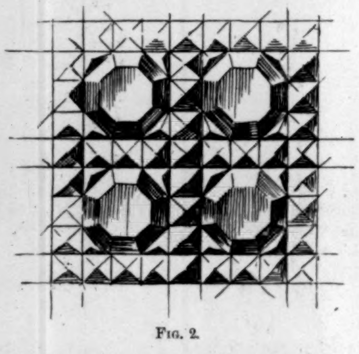


FIG. 2.

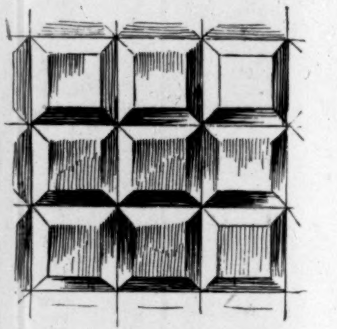


FIG. 3.

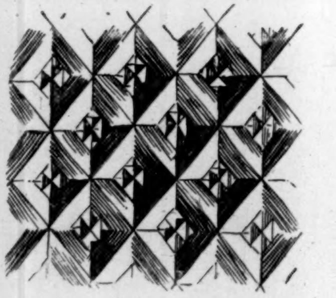


FIG. 4.

In the expensive glass which is used for cutting, and which must be even in color and very much thicker than that which is pressed, the stems of the goblets and wineglasses are drawn out from the bowl while the glass is warm, and the round disk for the bottom is subsequently attached. Odd-shaped vessels, such as are now the fashion for berries and flowers, are made by manipulating the soft glass with irons. The handles are separate pieces, drawn out while the metal is in its ductile state, and fastened to the vessel while each bit of glass is still hot. Every precaution must be taken that the two pieces of glass shall be of the same temperature, for if they are not, cracking is easy, and the jug and the handle soon part company.

The formed vessel which is intended to be the subject of the cutter's art is called a blank. It is a rough, unfinished bowl or goblet, but it has an even color, and it rings like a bell. It carries the mark of the end of the blow-pipe from which it was recently detached. Its edges are rough, and its surface is not smooth, in consequence of its contact with the chilled surface of the mould. It is now ready to be made beautiful. It is first marked with the general lines of the pattern which is to be cut, and then it is cut and polished. Fig. 1 shows the different processes through which a piece of cut glass passes. The first panel shows the blank as it comes from the blow-pipe; the second shows the pattern as it is marked out in red lines; the third shows the rougher's work; the fourth, the smoother's; and the fifth, the polisher's.

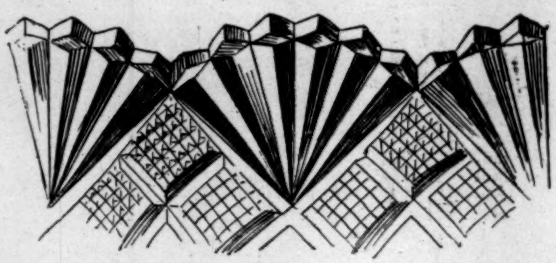


FIG. 5.

The patterns which are cut in the glass are various modifications of conventional designs, the manufacturers vying with one another to compose new combinations which shall make their articles brilliant and attractive. It must be borne in mind that the common notion that thin glass may be cut is erroneous. In addition to pressed and cut glass, there are engraved and etched glass. The difference between these two is easily discernible. The engraved glass is ornamented with sharp metal tools and diamond dust, and the design is made by grinding the lines, which are white and opaque—what is commonly called ground glass. Etching is done with hydrofluoric acid. The glass is covered with an impression coating of wax or similar material, leaving only the pattern exposed, which is eaten out by the acid. Only heavy thick glass, in which it is possible to make deep as well as sharp impressions, is cut.

The patterns that were known in earlier times, and are fundamental, were the hobnail (Fig. 2); the block (Fig. 3); the strawberry (Fig. 4.) The last has a small cone on the face of the diamond. The faces of the others are plain. The workman who lays out the blank for cutting draws his red lines to indicate the general character of the pattern. If the faces are to be ornamented by the star of the strawberry pattern, or by more elaborate devices, by lace-work, for example, or if there is to be a fan edge (Fig. 5), now very fashionable, the cutter is left to work it out without preliminary lines. In addition to the lines that indicate the general character of the pattern, are others which mark the limit beyond which the cutting must not be carried.

The first operative to take the glass after it has been laid out is the rougher. He sits behind a steel wheel which has a sharp mitred edge. The steel of which this wheel is made is soft, so that the workman sharpens it by scraping it, as it revolves, to an edge with a tool of harder metal. The rougher cuts the deep general lines of the pattern, which have been marked in red. The size and edge of his wheel vary with the character of the work which is demanded. The lines of small articles, like wineglasses, are comparatively light, while those on a large salad bowl are proportionately thick. These lines, as the vessel comes from the rougher, show the grinding. We have once more the effect of ground glass. Some of the cutter's work is much more difficult than others. It is what is known as blind work. The red lines are on the side of the object opposite to him, so that he must look through the glass. Sometimes, as in the cutting of a glass stopper, he cannot see the lines at all, for the material on which he works is so thick as to be opaque. He sometimes is compelled to cut a small object on the underside of the wheel, almost entirely out of his sight. He must depend a good deal for his success in such cases upon his nerves and his sense of feeling. The accuracy with which the swiftly revolving wheel passes into the proper channels depends almost wholly upon the keenness of his touch.

Above the wheel of every cutter is a large funnel, from which wet sand is dripping constantly upon the wheel, and from it into a trough. Fig. 6 shows a cutter at work, with all his tools and implements.

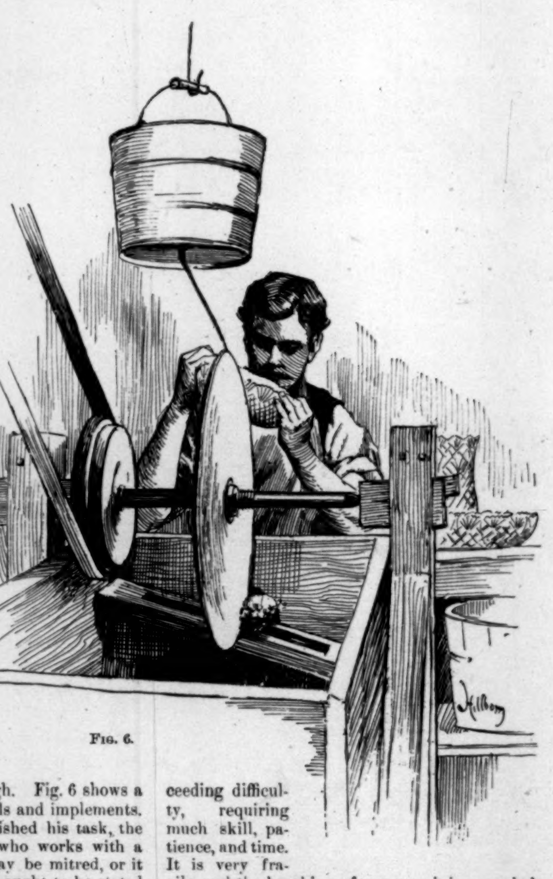


FIG. 6.

When the rougher has finished his task, the glass goes to the smoother, who works with a stone wheel. This wheel may be mitred, or it may have a broad edge. It ought to be stated that before the cutting can be done the vessel is ground on the bottom so that it stands evenly, and the edges are ground smooth. This grinding is done on the side of a wheel, which may be mounted either vertically, like the wheel used for cutting, or horizontally.

Skilful work is done with the mitred stone wheels. It is with these that the exquisitely fine work which characterizes recent cut glass is done. The smoother runs his stone wheel through all the lines which the rougher has cut with his metal wheel, and the result is to smooth them and restore their translucency. Then he cuts upon the plain faces that have been left, the net-work of decoration, in stars, crosses, fans, small diamonds, or whatever fancy has suggested to break up the plain surfaces, and almost indefinitely increase the number of light-reflecting facets. The smoother also makes the scalloped and fan edges. Every manufacturer has his own combination of the simple elements, and names his own patterns. The names are, therefore, legion and arbitrary. There are Russian, Electric, Alhambra, Brilliant, and hundreds of others.

When the smoother has completed his task the cutting is finished, and the work of the polisher begins. Very often the smoother does his own polishing, but not always, for the material employed is not wholesome, and the occupation is considered as especially conducive to lung diseases.

The stones used for the smoothing wheels are imported, and are of different degrees of density, and therefore of hardness. They come from England and Scotland. They are the Craigleith, from Scotland; the blue mitre and the brown (both hard and soft), from England.

The polisher runs through the cuts made by the stone wheel of the smoother. His own wheel is of wood or cork. The polishing wheel is kept wet with moistened pumice and rotten-stone. From the wood or the cork wheel the glass goes to a revolving brush, and it is this part of the work which is unwholesome. The brushes are made of a variety of material, and are in the form of a wheel. They are not made solid by a disk of wood or other hard material, but wholly by the rapidity of their revolutions. These brushes are fed with putty powder, which is calcined lead or tin, and is blown upon the wheel when in a dry state. The brush and the putty powder remove all particles of dirt and the smear of the pumice and rotten-stone, and give to the glass the brilliancy and lustre which make much of its beauty. After the polishing the glass is very carefully and thoroughly washed—washed as it seldom is again—with soap, water, and brushes. Then it is wrapped in tissue-paper, and is ready for the store.

It will be seen that every process in the making of cut glass is expensive. The material must be free from impurities; generally it is imported. The pot in which it is melted is a work of exceeding difficulty, requiring much skill, patience, and time. It is very fragile, and the breaking of one may injure a whole furnaceful of pots and their contents. Finally, glass is fragile, and the percentage of breakage in the cutting factory and the store is comparatively large. The blanks for cutting are of a metal much superior to that which is finished in moulds or presses.

Sometimes color is seen in the finest cut glass.

The color of a claret pitcher is often ruby, and sometimes there are two colors, especially in wine-glasses, red and yellow predominating. These colors are oxides of the metals, usually of gold, and are not mixed with the metal in the furnace, but are washed on the blank. If there are two colors, therefore, a slight cutting gives the design in one color, while the plain surfaces remain of the other. Usually the pattern is the color of the glass, the rest of the vessel being ruby or whatever color has been washed on.

The art of glass-cutting has greatly developed in this country within ten years. It has followed the increased demand of the consumers, expensive cut glass being now greatly in vogue. At first most of the glass was imported, but there are now many large establishments, especially in the East, and many of the most important firms have cutting shops of their own. The best workmen are induced to come here from abroad, especially from England, by the high wages paid. Some of the cutters receive eighteen dollars for a week of fifty-seven hours. Now, however, a large number of native Americans are learning the trade, and it is the opinion of experts that glass is cut in this country as skilfully and as artistically as it is anywhere in the world. There is nothing in the way of manufacturing cut glass which shall be equal to anything of its kind and entirely American. The clay for the pots is here, the material for the metal, the steel wheels are made here, the best material for the polisher's brushes comes from Mexico. The only things lacking are stones for the smoother's wheels.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

We sat at the club in the fire-light,
As it flickered and played on the wall,
And we chatted of music and Egypt,
Of the opera, art, and the ball.

And I talked half the night with the others,
But my thoughts had flown far o'er the main,
And were dwelling in quiet seclusion
In the halls of my castle—in Spain.

In the castle I builded so lofty,
Which got a hard knock yesterday,
When they told me Tom Jones is to marry
Nell Murray—sweet Nellie—in May.

Why, Nell Murray has dwelt in that castle
Ever since it's been mine, and it's plain
That without her light footsteps and laughter
'Twill stand silent and lonely in Spain!

She used to walk, too, with some children
In the gardens so sunny and wide;
But to-night they have all of them vanished,
And it seems as though some one had died.

Well, Jones is a good-looking fellow;
I think, since my fancies are vain
And he has run off with its mistress,
I'll shut up my castle in Spain,

And I'll hang out a neat advertisement,
Which somewhat as follows shall read:
"For sale or to rent, ready furnished
To meet every possible need,

A mansion of fine, airy structure,
With a wide and extensive domain."
And I'll sell to the first man who offers
To purchase my castle in Spain.

Emily Alvord.

FÉLICIE.

A CANADIAN SKETCH.

BY R. N. TREVOR.

No one remembered such a drought.

"If old Gaspard had not died," said Edmond confidently to himself, "he could have matched it; but then he's dead, so no one remembers so bad a drought as this one."

But no one heard Edmond: if any one had heard him, he would have paid no attention, for Edmond did not have all his wits.

The grass and the crops, which once had been green, were now brown; the earth was baked hard, and everywhere little cracks ran in all directions. The rough places of the roads were all hidden under a thick mantle of dust, as kindly in its appearance as the winter's mantle, but less so in reality. Unless the rain came—well—

"God knows what we shall do," said one village elder to another.

"And He never tells us until He is ready," said Edmond, reverently.

So the great drought lasted.

Then Armand Hamel died. It was not the drought that killed him. No one knew exactly what had killed him. "I cannot tell; it is God's doing," the doctor had said. But he was dead; and after death comes the funeral.

For the first time in months the sky was overcast; the red sun ceased to glare upon the earth, and under the gentle clouds the grass and the crops seemed actually to revive a little, and even to raise their heads again. But no rain fell.

"Does this mean rain?" one villager would ask of another as they met in the parish house, while their wives went at once into the church to pray.

Perhaps the man addressed would answer, with a shrug, "The clouds hang low over the cape"; or perhaps he would go out upon the gallery, whence he had just come, and looking around at earth and sky and sea would say, cautiously: "Who knows? Perhaps."

In either case the answer was satisfactory. Every one hoped for rain; almost no one expected it; and the question was asked rather to pass the time until the funeral service should begin than because Eugène Dasylva thought that Joseph Bilet could read the weather signs better than he himself.

No one asked Edmond; but he of all those present said nothing doubtful. To Eugène he said at once, "It will rain; the grass is getting ready for a shower." But no one heard him; at all events, no one paid him any attention; he was only half-witted.

From the gallery in front of the parish house one could see many things. Directly in front was the road white with dust, filled with the calèches and planches and quat'-roues which had brought the farmers and villagers to the church. Across the road were fields, and beyond the fields hills, cut into terraces by great glaciers melted ten thousand years ago. On the right was the church, with its tin roof and its spires; and the priest's house, with two willow-trees in front of it, and the convent and the graveyard. On the left, behind the poor brown trees, was the seigneury; and behind the house, across the river—a mile wide when the tide was in, barely two yards wide when the tide was out—rose the cape which gave the town its name, and seemed to protect the town it named.

Over the cape hung black threatening clouds, but so little did they indicate rain that the farmers' eyes more readily sought the church and the priest's house than they did the great rock and its low-hanging crown.

In course of time a constant succession of remarks and replies on the subject of the weather had emptied the parish house of all its male inmates; the women and children had already gone into the church. The men stood on the gallery in front of the house, almost in silence; no one cared to talk about the errand which had brought them together; so they stood waiting for something in anxious impatience.

Suddenly from the steeple of the church rang out sharply the little bell, and at the sound the men started, and crossed themselves. Then, as if the expected had happened, they moved toward the church, the oldest man leading the way, the younger men struggling to avoid bringing up the rear. Again the bell rang out. It was tolling.

Out of the cloud of dust, along the narrow, worn road, came the yellow hearse, open to the sky, bearing the red coffin, dust white now, wherein slept Armand Hamel. Behind the hearse, in the town's only two-horse vehicle, brought out on great occasions like weddings and funerals, rode the mourners—Xavier Hamel, Philomène his wife, and little Félicie Pelletier, the maiden who was to have been Armand's wife. Had Armand lived but a month longer, Félicie had been their daughter; now she was neither their daughter nor their son's widow.

The men halted awkwardly at the church door, and removed their hats as the hearse drew up. The priest stood on the steps, missal in hand, and placing himself before the coffin, began the office of the dead. Most of the men without the church and the women within repeated audibly their prayers:

"Délivrez moi, Seigneur, de ceux qui me haïssent: que je ne sois point englouti dans l'abîme, et que le puits ou l'on me jette ne se ferme pas sur moi." And again: "Seigneur Dieu, roi de tous les siècles, vous êtes seul plein de bonté: exauçez moi, Seigneur, dont la miséricorde est toujours prête à pardonner; prenez soin de mon âme, et délivrez la."

("Deliver me, Lord, from them that hate me, that I be not swallowed in the abyss, that the pit wherein they have cast me close not above me." And again: "Lord God, King of the ages, Thou alone art full of kindness; hear me, O Lord, whose pity is always ready to pardon; guard my soul, and deliver it.")

Meantime the mourners had entered the church, and were making their way to their seats. They walked slowly, delayed rather by the emotions of the girl than by any weakness of the older mourners. At last they reached their places, and the burial service began.

All this time the clouds that had encompassed the cape came nearer, and more and more assumed the character of rain clouds. The cape loomed up, and the miles of water between it and the church seemed but yards, so near it seemed to be. Edmond put out his hand, as if to touch the great rock; then he looked at the sky, and went into the church.

Everything was strangely still. The voice of the priest sounded as if it came from a great distance. The children, usually restless, sat quietly. The darkness of an approaching storm pervaded the church; the light before the altar burned dimly and uncertainly. Only where Félicie sat, it seemed to the lad, was there any light; around her there was a strange brightness; but he did not feel afraid.

At last the priest closed his book, and the congregation sighed with relief as he descended from the sanctuary and stood at the head of the coffin. Then priest, coffin, and silent congregation left the church, and went through the narrow gate into the graveyard. There a grave had been dug, next to that in which the shipwrecked Portuguese had been buried, and around the grave gathered they all.

In the centre stood the priest and the grave-diggers; next to them were old Xavier Hamel and his wife, Philomène, and between them stood Félicie Pelletier.

"Poor Félicie!" thought Edmond; "she is very young, and so little."

Slowly the old priest read the words of committal, and then the poor red coffin was lowered into its place.

As the coffin disappeared from sight, thunder began to roll. The distant hills, the great cape, were lit up by flashes of lightning, and far away the rain could be seen falling heavily. As yet, however, no breath of its freshness reached the kneeling habitans. A movement ran through the crowd as wind sweeps through standing grain. Women and men looked up timidly; children looked around boldly. Even the priest hastened his utterance, to finish before the storm should break.

Still the thunder rolled. It had not begun suddenly, but slowly, majestically; at first afar off, but ever coming nearer; not a sullen roar, not the ill-humored crashing that some thunder is, but awful and grand.

The crowd rose; the priest's voice was no longer heard in the noise of the thunder. Perhaps he had stopped his prayers.

Then suddenly from the black cloud that hung directly above the congregation burst a flash of lightning—not the forked lightning that strikes down dwellings and crops and men, but a great broad flash, so bright and glorious that all fell again upon their knees, and hid their faces in their hands; so wondrous and awful that they dared utter no sound, but remained silent and motionless.

Only two stood upright—Félicie and Edmond. Félicie had kneeled, weeping on the shoulder of Madame Hamel, while the priest gave back to earth all that had made her life happy. Armand and she had been betrothed so long, their wedding day had been so near; and now Armand was taken from her so strangely and so suddenly. So while the priest read the sacred sentences, and the people who had loved Armand stood about his grave, she whom Armand had loved kneeled and sobbed, hearing not at all the murmured words of Madame Hamel, hearing as if they were spoken afar off the words of the priest. But now that even the priest was terror-stricken and cowering, Félicie stood up, no longer clinging to Armand's mother, and looking up into heaven, she spoke to the thunder.

"My Father," she said, or so it seemed to the lad, who stood almost by her side.

And, as if in answer, the thunder, which had not ceased to roll, crashed yet again, and the echoes rolled back from the cape, and died away slowly in the distance, and all was silent. And Félicie spoke again, but the lad could not hear what she said, and she bowed her head.

Again the thunder answered, a majestic peal, yet not to make those who heard it afraid. But Félicie said nothing more; she stood with her face turned to the dark sky as if in expectation.

Then came a blinding flash of lightning. For an instant only dared the boy look; then he clasped his hands over his eyes, and fell upon his knees. But in that instant he saw Félicie standing in the midst of the glory of the great brightness, smiling, and above her was a great rift in the clouds. Further than ever before could the lad see on high; then he pressed his hands to his eyes, and sank upon his knees, and cried aloud in terror.

When the lightning had become dim, and the thunder had died away, came the rain. In torrents it fell, and all sprang up, forgetting Armand almost and Félicie, thinking only that the drought was broken, and rejoicing. But when they saw Félicie they remembered everything, and stood still, as if abashed.

Félicie stood at the head of the grave. Her hands were clasped before her; her face was lifted up, and she was smiling. What she looked at, what she saw, no one could tell.

The priest approached her almost timidly. "Félicie," he said, but she made no answer. "Félicie," he said, more loudly. And again, more loudly still, "Félicie."

As if he feared that she had been struck dead, the priest laid his hand on her arm. She moved, and he gave a sigh of relief.

"Félicie, come with me," he said; but the girl moved not, nor made as if she heard him. The people came nearer and looked at her, almost with terror.

At last the maiden lowered her eyes and looked toward the priest; he looked her full in the face, and his cheeks paled.

"Félicie," he said, imploringly, "do you see me? Do you hear me?" But still she made no answer.

"What is this?" murmured the priest, hoarsely; and Edmond, the half-witted boy, answered him:

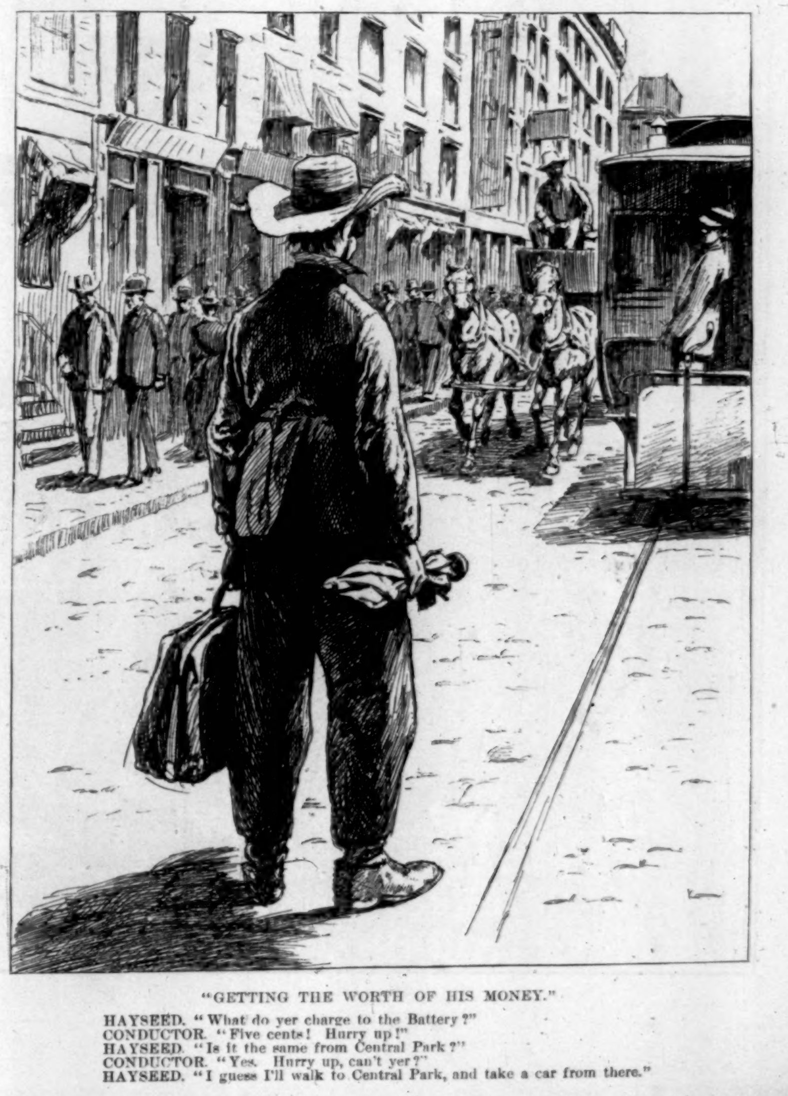
"Father," he said, touching the priest's arm, "Félicie has seen God, and heard Him speak, and spoken to Him. I do not think, father, that she can see you or hear you; your face is not bright enough for her eyes to see; your voice is not loud enough for her to hear."

The priest turned to the lad suddenly, and the boy stepped back, abashed; but the priest held out his hand, and the boy took it and held it.

"My children," said the priest; and at his words the crowd knelt in wonder on the earth, no longer dry; and the priest spoke: "The Lord hath spoken in the thunder to Félicie; He hath appeared to her in the lightning. What ears have heard the Lord, them hath He sealed; what eyes have seen the Lord, them hath He closed; what tongue has spoken with the Lord, that hath He silenced. Not on earth can those ears hear, those eyes see, that tongue speak.

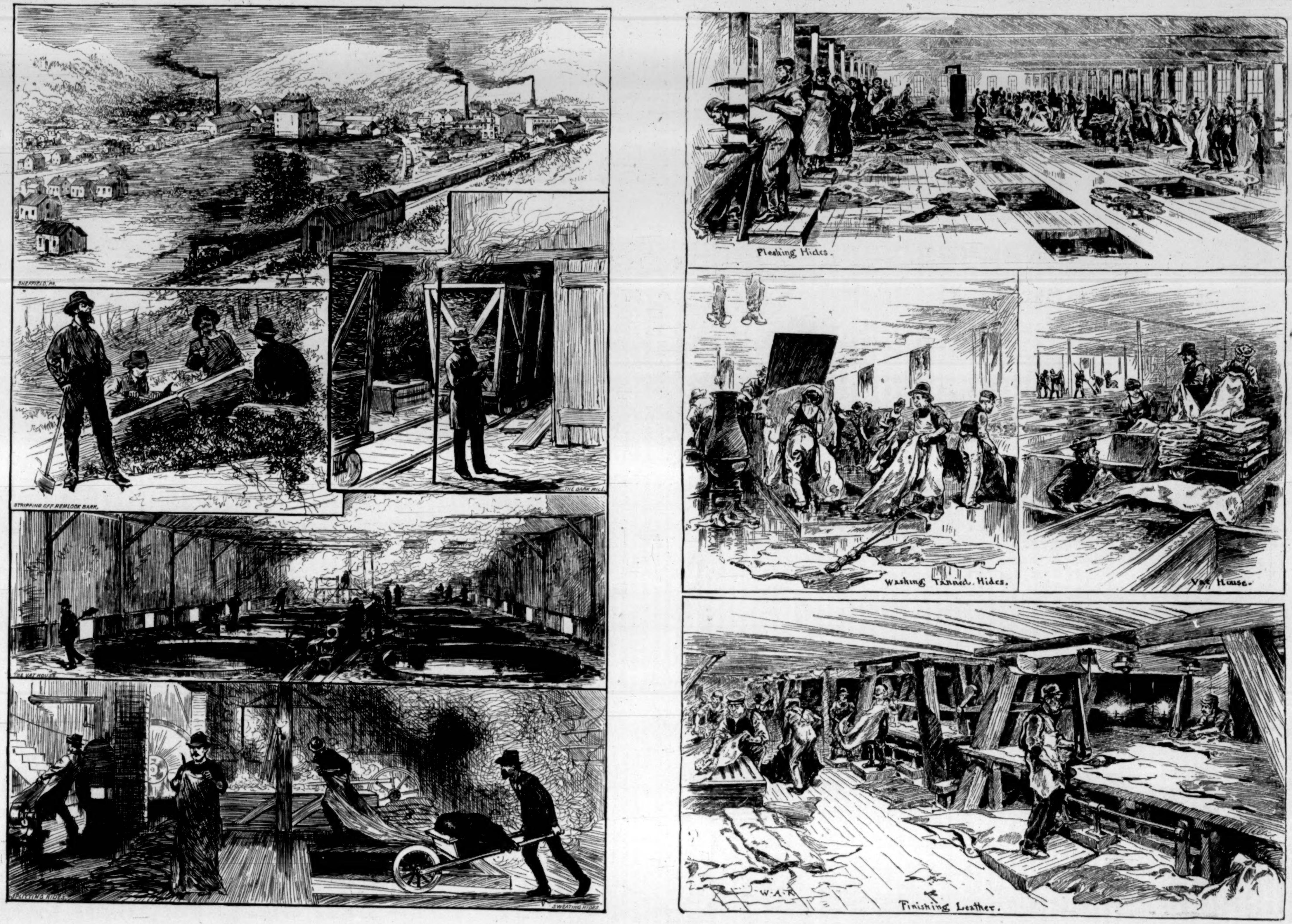
"Listen, my children; Félicie hath heard God, and she is deaf; she hath seen Him in His glory, and she is blind; she hath spoken with Him, and she is dumb. But it is no grief to Félicie that this is so; for the words of the Lord have comforted her in her sorrow, and made all earthly words unfit for her to hear; His glory makes dark all mortal things to her; the tongue that has spoken with God must speak with no mortal man. Blind, then, is Félicie, deaf, and dumb; yet pity her not, my children, for the hand of the Lord is upon her gently; He hath honored her above all women, save only one, and to-day, more than ever before, is she happy; to-day is she in very truth Félicie."

In silence the people heard the priest, and when he had spoken the benediction, in silence they went to their homes, thinking much. Then old Xavier Hamel and his wife Philomène took Félicie to their home, and she was as their daughter; and the people thought not of her as one unhappy, but as one honored greatly by God, and chosen out to have her sorrows turned to joy. But Félicie neither saw nor heard nor spoke again on earth; and in God's time she fell asleep, to meet, awaking, Armand.

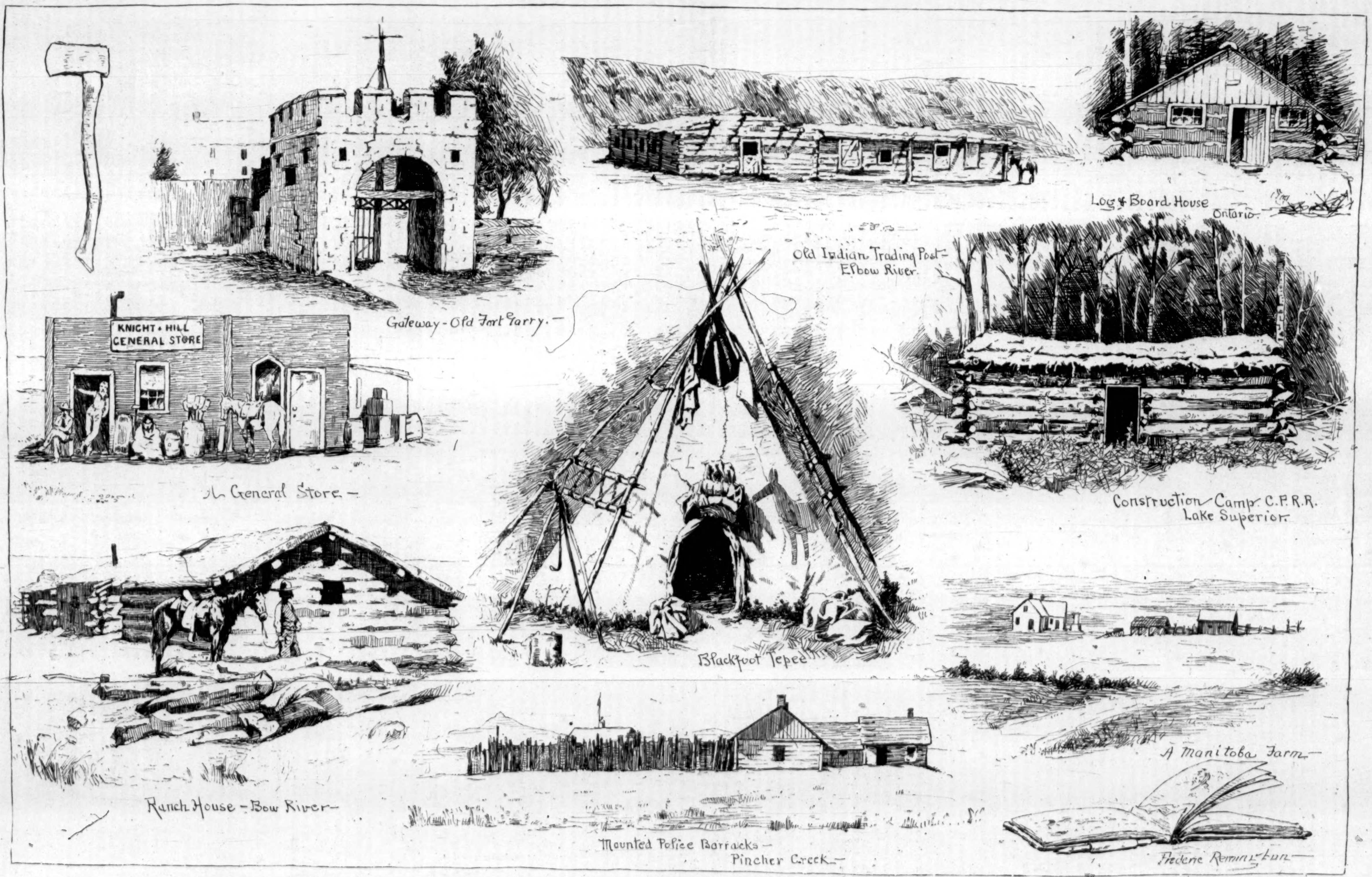


"GETTING THE WORTH OF HIS MONEY."

HAYSEED. "What do yer charge to the Battery?"
CONDUCTOR. "Five cents! Hurry up!"
HAYSEED. "Is it the same from Central Park?"
CONDUCTOR. "Yes. Hurry up, can't yer?"
HAYSEED. "I guess I'll walk to Central Park, and take a car from there."


SHEFFIELD, PA.
STRIPPING OFF HEMLOCK BARK.
THE BARK MILL.
THE VAT HOUSE.
SPLITTING HIDES.
SWEATING HIDES.
Fleshing Hides.
Washing Tanned Hides.
Vat House.
Finishing Leather.
W. A. R.

A DAY IN A TANNERY.—[See Page 74.]


KNIGHT & HILL GENERAL STORE
Gateway - Old Fort Garry. -
Old Indian Trading Post -
Elbow River.
Log & Board House
Ontario.
A General Store -
Construction Camp. C.P.R.R.
Lake Superior.
Blackfoot Tepee
Ranch House - Bow River -
Mounted Police Barracks -
Pincher Creek. -
A Manitoba Farm -
Frederic Remington -

CANADIAN BACKWOODS ARCHITECTURE.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 74.]

CANADIAN BACKWOODS ARCHITECTURE.

To one who has seen only the capitals or chief cities of the older Canadian provinces, such a collection of sketches as those by Mr. Frederic Remington, on another page of the WEEKLY, will not seem to represent the typical architecture of the Dominion. And yet Canada is best represented by such types, for substantial and ancient as are her principal cities, the major part of the Dominion remains distinctively new, even as compared with our own far West. The traveller does not need to go to the new provinces of Manitoba, Alberta, and Assiniboin, where these sketches were made, to see such architecture and the stages of progress it represents. The wilderness is still primeval in the greater part of Ontario and Quebec. The axe is man's chief reliance there, the Hudson's Bay Company's posts are still the rallying points of the infant development, and lumbering and hunting are the principal industries.

This condition is as full of promise to the Canadian as it is of interest to us. He sees in it the hope of a mighty future such as ours, when, instead of a population no greater than that of New York State, the Dominion shall realize the full possibilities of its dimensions, which are those of an empire more considerable than our Union. We, on the other hand, can see in the development of British America a reflection of the scenes and conditions that attended the conquest of our own Western wilds. It is as if we looked upon a mirror within which, by some miracle, a reflection of our dead past has been caught in the substance of the glass. There is the Indian tepee—home of the people we displaced; the trading post, the ranch house, and the farm buildings of succeeding stages of pioneering; the barracks of their mounted police, corresponding to those of our cavalry; and then the construction camp of railroad builders, followed, if not accompanied by, the first "store"—the nucleus of a city and the cradle of a "boom" in city lots.

The simile is not strained at any point. There is not a subject in Mr. Remington's collection that had not a counterpart in our Western pioneering. Yet there is a separate, purely Canadian interest attaching to some of these sketches. For instance, that picturesque ruin of the gateway of a fortress calls to mind the dominion once exercised over a vast part of British America by the Hudson's Bay Company, to-day a great force there, and one of the wealthiest and most considerable of private commercial companies. It is the brother and survivor of the East India Company, the last of the great English trading corporations. When Fort Garry was of consequence, the great company traded in this country as well as British America; but it is interesting to note that years ago it withdrew from our country, and that for years what used to be Fort Garry has been the proud city of Winnipeg, Manitoba. That old post at the junction of the Assiniboin and Red River of the North was a finely chosen site for a city, as many another trading post of the great company has proven before and since. Such a fort as that was in its day had uses beyond affording protection from Indians, for the great corporation had a rival in the Northwest Company, and the competition sometimes waxed into actual warfare. Stockaded enclosures served well enough as defences against Indians, and many of the posts are of that character to-day.

A suggestion of a stockade is seen in the sketch of the barracks of a detachment of the Northwest mounted police at Pincher Creek. In including this drawing, Mr. Remington perfects the history which his pictures illustrate, for, after the Hudson's Bay Company lost its dictatorship of the region, the mounted police enforced the laws of the provinces that sprang into being in the prairie-land of the Northwest. Those young, well-disciplined, hardy, and splendidly mounted cavalrymen of Canada are the dandies of the plains. Their red coats, pill-box caps, and brown trousers with broad orange stripes illuminate the dull brown waste of grass wherever they ride. They have managed the Indians shrewdly and without serious trouble—for the Riel rebellion was a half-breed uprising. Without attracting the attention of the world, they have succeeded better in enforcing prohibitory liquor laws than any other police or soldiery on this continent. In consequence of their enforcement of those and other ordinances, the building of that great artery of progress the Canadian Pacific Railroad was accomplished with little bloodshed, and but a small fraction of those demoralizing conditions that went hand in hand with the construction of our own transcontinental railways.

J. R.

A DAY IN A TANNERY.

A HIDE that is to be converted into leather in this country makes so many visits to New York before its career is ended that it becomes almost a metropolitan product. Whether it comes from some of the South American countries or from the Western plains, New York is its first destination, and it is shipped hence to the tanneries among the Berkshire hills, in the Catskills, in central New York, or in Pennsylvania. Converted into leather, it returns to this city, and is lost amid the dark and not altogether savory leather warehouses in "the Swamp." In its new form it is again sent out, this time to the shoe factories of New England, only to return to the New York wholesalers, to be distributed by them to various parts of the country. Even after this some of the shoes are more than likely to find their way to New York while in use, and many of them end their days here. The South American states are the great supply depots for hides, furnishing us with many times more than we receive from the Western States of our own country. It is a common belief, but a mistaken one, that on the South American plains the animals are hunted down much in the same way as buffalo were once killed. They are raised there on great stock farms, from which many Europeans and Americans are reaping handsome dividends.

When the hides reach New York they are either "wet salted" or "dry salted." If the former, each hide is folded separately into about the space of a cubic foot, and secured with a rope arranged as neatly and evenly as the bands of a bale of cotton. If "dry salted," they are laid out flat and tied in large bundles. Where hides and bark meet, there is the tannery. There must be an abundance of oak or hemlock bark, or both, in the vicinity, and the different kinds of hides are sent to the different parts of the country where they can best be cured—upper-leathers perhaps to Massachusetts, and sole-leathers to central New York.

Received at the tannery, the ropes are cut, and the hides are left for a few days to soak in the "water pits" beneath the floor, to soften them and put them in condition to receive the bark. They are then hung over wooden "horses," and cut down through the back to separate them into "sides." After this the hides are either put in the vats for a warm or cold "sweat," or are soaked for a few days in a solution of lime and water, the latter being the process in general use. This loosens the hair, which is taken off by "beaming" or "fleshing" the hide by hand, with an implement like a blunt drawing-knife. All the rough parts are trimmed off, and the hide is "green-shaved" to remove the roughness from the flesh side. The work of the lime is now accomplished, and the skin is "unlimed" by repeated drenchings in warm water, till it is almost as white as a new shirt. Then the real tanning begins. The "liquor," made by "leaching" water through ground bark much as old housewives make lye from wood-ashes, is stored in tanks, and the hides are dipped till they get a pale leather-color, and are left in piles for a day or two. Then part of the floor is removed, and the vats are exposed, and as each hide is spread out in the vat it is carefully covered with dampened ground bark. In this "first layer" the hides are left for a week, in the "second layer" for two weeks, and in the third, or "splitting layer," for four weeks. After hanging out for a few days to dry, they go through an iron roller machine to be "split," which makes them uniform in thickness, and on the flattening board the thicker parts are pounded out. After another soaking in strong bark liquor they go through the process of "currying," which includes scouring, stretching, and blacking. Sole-leather needs no currying, and is tanned to a firm condition, instead of being, like upper-leather, stretched to firmness.

The illustrations show all the processes of tanning, from gathering and grinding the bark, through the soaking, fleshing, and washing, down to the finishing. A day in a tannery is a day well spent, acquainting the visitor with an industry that gives employment in this country to more than fifty thousand persons. Leather experts say that it is on account of the superior quality and great quantity of work done by employés in American tanneries that they are able to sell American leather in the markets of Europe in successful competition with the product of cheap European labor. "We pay a man," they say, "three dollars a day, and he does three dollars' worth of work. In Europe they pay him only one dollar, and get only a dollar's worth in return."

A WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF NEWSPAPER WORK.

MY fingers were always inky. Even my face did not always escape that murky fate. I burned, or thought I did, to produce great thoughts which should make somebody better and happier when finally reduced to the medium of cold black and white.

I had large ideas, no experience, and was surrounded by a group of kindly people who could not conceive for the life of them what ailed me. I think they thought I had a sort of upper grade chicken-pox or measles, which I would outgrow in a year or so when I had married some honest farmer or respectable tradesman, and settled down to the comfortable and indiscriminate rearing of chickens, babies, and other produce. The average rustic young man who flourished in the section where I was reared, however, shunned me as if I had the pest when he learned that I had literary aspirations. The girls also gave me a very wide berth, for I had a stupid air, which, in my silly fashion, I considered "dreamy," and which in reality made me a very dull and uninteresting companion. For these reasons I was left very much to myself, which gave me the unfortunate opportunity to write a very bad novel when only nineteen years old. This manuscript was returned to me by all the publishers in the country without thanks, and usually without other comment than the conventional slip containing the well-known ancient legend, which runs to the effect that "the editor regrets this matter is not suited to his use." But the most exquisite flavor of sarcasm that penetrated my dull understanding even in those days lay in the additional line which frequently accompanied the above veracious statement. This read somewhat as follows, and was evidently intended to temper the wind to the shorn lamb by breaking the effect of the disappointment which the would-be author must experience upon receiving his returned manuscript: "The editor would not have the writer suppose that because *he* cannot use this matter it is therefore without merit."

The foregoing stereotyped phrase was as much of an enigma to me as it is to all callow seekers after fame. It appealed to my youthful mind somewhat in the light of an illustrated rebus. What did it mean—this polite, though firm rejoinder; this vague hint that in my story, notwithstanding its ignominious refusal, there lay a possibility of "merit"? Like others equally verdant, I had not the slightest suspicion that these mysterious slips were printed by thousands with the charitable intention of appeasing the multitude. Oddly enough, I had a foolish notion that that little slip was designed expressly for me, and the perplexing question, "Is there or is there not any 'merit' in my work?" used to haunt me in my dreams.

Sometimes this spectre grew very grim indeed. My eyes were often heavy when they should have been bright, and my step, which should have bounded with the elasticity of youth, frequently had in it more of the hopelessness of age. These early disappointments in a literary way I believe are more serious than is usually supposed. For my own part, I am at least thankful to fate for the hardening process which in time makes most persons, however ambitious, indifferent in a greater or less degree to the results of their literary ventures. I would not stand in a cold, cheerless room (I was ashamed to expose the bitterness of my chagrin in the bosom of the family) looking drearily out into a bleak, barren garden, bordered with frost, and adorned only with decaying shrubbery; I would not listen dismally to the howling of the November wind among the leafless branches of the trees, while my chilled hands idly turned the pages of my rejected manuscript—I say I would not go through this again at the tender age of nineteen for all Mr. Vanderbilt's and Mr. Astor's aggregate millions. Such an experience is worse than being disappointed in love.

. . . The first man who deigned to recognize in my somewhat erratic personality the budding of incipient genius was a country editor almost as poor and unpractical as myself. This good man published everything I wrote, whether it was good, bad, or indifferent, and seemed to take delight in giving me a chance. He wasted a great deal of space in his valuable (?) paper in printing and advertising my stories, which he never pretended to edit, good soul, lest he should offend me by the occasional change of some ill-advised adverb or preposition, and so allowed me to go on in the narrow ruts which I had created, believing myself more or less of a genius, because no sentence of mine, however complicated, no plot, however forced, unnatural, or ridiculously melodramatic, was ever subjected to one iota of change by his friendly but mistaken hand.

I was in a fair way to accomplish nothing when something occurred which is responsible for the small segment of success which I have carved out of the great circle of life in the years that have since come and gone. The experience to which I refer was not a remarkable one. It occurs in the lives of thousands of young men and women every day, and the world is seldom any the wiser for the struggles that it brings, nor for the long list of failures and successes which it records. I simply found myself obliged to earn my own living. Had it not been for that interesting fact I should probably have still been writing moonlight sonatas in very bad prose for the *Bungtown Gazette*, which is still run by my dear indulgent old friend the country editor on precisely the same plan that it was in the days of my self-appointed apprenticeship, with the solitary exception that there are no fledgling romancers to supply him with original stories nowadays, the rosy lasses of the country-side wisely preferring to get married or teach school.

As for the latter alternatives, I was not particularly well calculated to fulfil the duties incumbent upon either position. Evidently there was but one thing to do, and that was to seek employment on newspapers, for my initial experience had taught me to be wary of book-writing. Accordingly I went West, and began my quest for work precisely as a "tramp printer" does, without a dollar in my pocket, and, what was worse, without any experience in my head. The objective point which I had decided upon was one of the best-known in the new West. In that enterprising city the telephone, the electric light, the cable railroad, in fact all things known to progressive modern civilization, are at their best; but until my advent the woman newspaper writer was an invention unconceived by the mind of man, nor was her presence tolerated until I had wrought for her, by means of the most unceasing toil, a niche which I hope she will always continue to occupy with honor.

It may well be imagined that the level of society reporting, to which, in my own estimation, I soon sank, was not to my liking. I think there is no class of employment in the world which I would have liked less than professional intrusion upon the august movements of the *élite;* but again it was no question of choice. I was obliged to accept the position of society reporter because managers stoutly maintained that there was nothing else about a newspaper office which a woman could do. I was therefore installed, upon a microscopic salary; my duties to consist not only in chronicling every movement of the fashionable world, but in religiously keeping up with these events, past, present and future, for at that time no Western city editor's assignment-book had ever given place to what is known nowadays as "society assignments."

I was only a country mouse, and I hated crowds and glare with all the intensity of my nature, but when the time came to go before the foot-lights in the rôle of society reporter, I "boldly waded in." In the gilded halls to which I soon betook myself I was as complete a stranger as if I had just escaped from the jungles of India, and created, I believe, quite as much consternation at first as if I had done so, for I used to hear one dancing young man say to another, in a distinctly audible whisper as I entered a ballroom, "See, there is the woman reporter!" In the first place, the *Four Hundred* were positively as inaccessible in that small Western city, so far as they were personally concerned, as they are in New York to-day. At first the ladies desired the men composing committees to have me forcibly ejected from the halls of pleasure. I believe they would have called the police if they had dared; but the masculine contingent was not quite equal to that, and so I remained, and set speedily to work at what in the chambers of my brain I denominated "committing my victims to memory"; in other words, learning faces and names, and accurately connecting the two. This is an art. If any gentleman doubts it, let him essay the task, in which I am willing to venture two to one that he will fail.

I passed through the most absurd experiences in what might have been termed the "formative period" of my "society column" in the frantic endeavor to ascertain who and what constituted society. At first I was the unsuspecting victim of tradespeople, such as milliners, dress-makers, etc., all of whom had an axe to grind and sought to use me as the grindstone; but from this influence I soon escaped, and established for myself a Blue-Book, whose rules were as iron-clad as those of the captain of a ship. I ran my department in the interest of my enemies, the upper-tendom, leaving the people who were seemingly my friends far in the rear, and the result was success.

About the time my department was established on a firm foundation I found myself summarily discharged, the alleged cause for that action being enforced economy. There was no other office in the place where my services were at all available, and I am not exaggerating when I say that I learned to define the sensation of hunger to a nicety before another avenue opened for the replenishing of my meagre finances. Finally, in a moment of desperation, I hit upon a plan which I immediately proceeded to execute. A man with whom I had been associated for some months in the office where I had been employed had recently relinquished his reportorial position to take charge of an effete weekly, which had been the first paper published in the State, and which he fondly imagined might yield him an income without the exercise of any superabundance of energy. The miserable little office where the concern had had its head-quarters from time immemorial was situated in the lower part of the town. The way to it lay up a winding stair of the dingiest variety, and the visitor to that mysterious realm was genially welcomed by the editor in charge to two miniature apartments, where straggling cases of type, cobwebs, dust, ancient paste-pots, grimy jugs of ink, and piles of old newspapers, together with a few blacking-brushes and the complete wardrobe of the eccentric editor, who had recently died, mingled together in the wildest confusion.

Everywhere one went he was constantly stumbling on some article of masculine apparel. Sometimes it was a shirt, sometimes it was a shoe. The dead editor had been known as an ancient fashion-plate. Tradition had it that he had crossed the plains in an ox-cart, attired in lavender pantaloons, a white waistcoat, and a shining silky tile; and it is a fact that I actually came across this ancient, dandified outfit one day while rummaging about the place, for I had soon become part and parcel of the concern by having cast myself upon the mercy of my friend. The new editor was a kind-hearted man who did not possess the faculty of saying no. I think his breath was almost taken away by my impetuous application for work, and I had soon succeeded to the exalted position of "associate editor," at the magnificent salary of eight dollars per week.

As I look back upon my career as an "associate editor," in the light of a wider experience, I am convinced that no newspaper, either before or since, was ever conducted on such a plan. Eternal vigilance is the watchword of the society reporter. Imagine, then, my surprise when I discovered that under the new dispensation my duties, like my salary, were purely nominal. I was never required to do anything, nor did the editor ever seem to be employed himself, except on the day of publication, when he wrapped the papers, and carried them on his back in a bag to the post-office. I wrote what pleased me best, and my matter occasionally struggled into type when our one lone weak printer could summon strength enough to embalm it according to the principles of his art.

That printer could not have suited the establishment better if he had been designed by nature expressly for it. Between him and the institution he served there existed the most absolute harmony. He was slow and pale and sickly. He had a cough which seemed to emanate from the grave, so sepulchral were its hollow tones. He was an Englishman, and years before had immortalized himself by having put in type several of the shorter stories of Charles Dickens. His name was Smith, and he considered the above experience as quite enough glory to be crowded into the life of one man. I used to sit at his case for hours and listen to the tales he had to tell of the immortal novelist's phenomenally bad copy. I believe that that very remarkable newspaper must have come out by magic, so little effort was there put forth by anybody connected with it.

The most I got out of my brief career as an "associate editor" was a little empty honor, for, as there was no money taken in from week to week, my salary soon fell into the saddest of arrears. Then I hit upon another novel expedient. I was in the direst want, and resolved to make that the excuse for a final desperate attack. My editorial *confrère* was naturally the kindest of men. Nothing proved such an incentive to action with him as a tale of downright want. Knowing this, I bided my time, and one day when Smith was detained at home I stormed the defenceless editor with a tale of want so intense that it must have made my ancestors turn over in their graves and blush for the crime of my evolution. As I proceeded with my appeal—and it may be relied upon that my horrified auditor was not spared the recital of one harrowing detail—every hair on his honest head seemed to rise in terror. His kind gray eyes grew suspiciously moist. He did not utter a sound, but grasped his hat, sprang down the dingy old staircase at a pace which threatened immediate destruction to that ancient avenue of exit, and in precisely half an hour returned with four ten-dollar bills, which he gravely presented to me without a word. How the good soul managed to obtain so much money in so incredibly short a space of time has long been a matter of conjecture with me. I was half inclined at the time to believe that, fired by my tale of want, he had yielded to the impulse of the moment and committed a murder, or at least a robbery. Taking it all in all, I decided that this was a wise and affluent time to retire. As there had never been anything definite about my work or my pay, I did not realize the necessity for a formal resignation, and therefore simply remained at home. The editor never sent to inquire the reason for my absenting myself, and thus ended my first lesson as an "associate editor."

The next time I was thrown out of employment as a society reporter I had plenty of company, as more than one hundred persons lost their means of obtaining a livelihood at the same time by the total collapse of a morning paper. I then turned my attention vigorously to the matter of obtaining general reportorial work, and it was then that my struggles began in earnest. The others had been but a mere bagatelle in comparison. In vain I continued to present myself to managers day after day, and to endeavor to push my claim by means of every plan known to the mind of woman. The fact was plain; they would have none of me. The articles I tendered for publication were accepted and printed, but not paid for. The principal objection raised wherever I applied was that I was a woman, and consequently disqualified for reportorial work. Another plea on the part of managers was that I was a book writer, and consequently too impractical to make a good reporter. In the several years that had elapsed I had managed to publish a small book of sketches, and this now appeared as a stumbling-block in my way. "A book writer will never make a reporter," one manager said to me, brusquely; "people with literary taste are too fanciful for plain news-gathering"; and so I was cast out for being *literary*, a crime which had scarcely been laid at my door by the score or so of publishers who had returned the manuscript of my novel several years before.

It is a geological fact that adamant succumbs at last to the power of water, and so, little by little, inch by inch, I finally worked myself into the position of general reporter on the staff of a large and enterprising morning paper. In just five months from the time I had made my first bow in the paragraphs of the inevitable "society column," I had my hands so full of work that I scarcely had time to eat or sleep. This sort of thing extended over a period of several years, and embraced a list of varied experiences, many of them interesting and remarkable. A year or so ago I enjoyed the somewhat lurid reputation among the newspapers of being "the smartest girl reporter in the Union." This title, which originated in an article published in St. Louis, travelled throughout the length of the United States and Canada, and resulted in bringing me several remarkable offers of marriage from far-off climes. One of these missives was indited by a gentleman in the Indian Territory, who didn't want a wife simply to pose as a lay-figure in a drawing-room; but, on the contrary, longed to lay his devotion at the feet of a woman who knew how to "hustle." Another came thick with the perforations of Mississippi quarantine, and contained a paragraph which read very much like this, "I am a Southern-raised man, but I desire to secure to myself the affections of a woman whose noble character has been formed amid the spruce-laden regions of the far North, and who is not afraid to soil her pretty hands with what Mississippi belles are apt to regard as the contaminating influences of work." The foregoing are very fair samples of the epistles with which my desk was deluged for weeks after I became known to fame as "the smartest girl reporter." These and pathetic appeals from struggling, ambitious girls for advice and practical aid made up the sum of a large correspondence. In the latter there was an undercurrent which might well furnish a key to some rich philanthropic woman surfeited with elegant leisure, and longing to do some earnest part of the world's work.

When I finally decided to come to New York, I was warmly advised by the editor of a prominent magazine not to seek employment by personal application, but to rely rather upon the influence brought to bear by the presentation of letters received at the hands of prominent men. For the benefit of others, I desire to state that I followed this friendly but mistaken advice for some time, and that a more erroneous plan, at least so far as my experience goes, was never conceived. The first missive of this kind which I had the hardihood to present was one that had been given me to one of the best-known managing editors in the city of New York. After having proved my credentials satisfactorily, I was given a chair in a corridor, where I remained just three-quarters of an hour before the object of my visit had time to see me. At the expiration of that time he appeared, kindly offered me his hand, invited me into the sanctum, and—asked me about myself, and my mission in New York? Not at all; proceeded to tell me that he had six women on his staff, only one of whom ever took an assignment without offering the most annoying remonstrances, etc. He felt obliged to keep them because they were all supporting somebody, etc., but he hated to see women around a newspaper office, and he thought those contemplating such a career should be promptly discouraged. This important conversation occupied just twelve minutes. He then looked at his watch, told me he had an engagement, asked me to come at a certain hour the next day, and bade me a cordial adieu. When I called the next day he was too busy to see me, and this I doubt not is the experience of many.

"Get a letter from X——, the rising humorist," my friend of the magazine said to me one day; "it will do more for you than you can accomplish in a year."

I referred to this soon after to a popular poet, who is intimately connected with Mr. X——, the humorist, saying that I had met the latter, but that he would doubtless have forgotten me long ago.

"Mr. X—— never forgets anybody," cried the poet, with all the warmth which characterizes the songs he sings in verse. "He will give you letters, and do everything in his power for you." But notwithstanding this burst of fraternal indignation, Mr. X—— had forgotten me, and refused pointblank to do anything for me in the way of a letter; which shows conclusively, I might add, that he is a wise man as well as a funny one.

An old school-mate, now a Congressman, upon being informed that I had come to New York, made haste to post me a letter to a prominent New York editor with whom he had been intimately connected, both politically and socially. That letter was left on the library table of the great man to whom it was written, and doubtless met swift oblivion in the waste-basket when it attracted his attention upon his return from the country the next day. At least I never heard of it more.

About this time I met a successful young newspaper woman, who advised me to throw my letters in the fire, and proceed on my own plan. I did so, and for a time it was a question in my mind as to which method of procedure was the more ill-advised. At the first office where I applied unintroduced for work, the brusque but genial city editor assured me that he had no vacant chair, but advised me to go to a neighboring office, as the quickest means, I suppose, of getting rid of me.

At the office of one of the most famous newspapers in Gotham I was assured by the city editor that none of the fortunate people of whom he had control ever died, and that there was not the slightest possibility of my ever being able to obtain employment there. To do this gentleman justice, I am compelled to state that he gave me this chilling refusal sorrowfully, as if it were a matter of regret that his mission must perforce be that of breaking the hearts of the working masses by refusing them employment. Greatly touched by this exhibition of feeling, I hurried away to the office of another great organ of the people, where I was told that nothing like regular employment could be had, but that if I chose to submit special matter it would take its chances with the rest.

The editor of another paper wanted nothing but sensations, and took occasion during my visit to insist that any reporter could scare up a genuine local sensation in the course of an hour or two, if he would only set himself about it. For instance, the old cruller woman at the corner had a history with a sensation in it. Everybody had, he said, if only the reporter had wit enough to get it out of them.

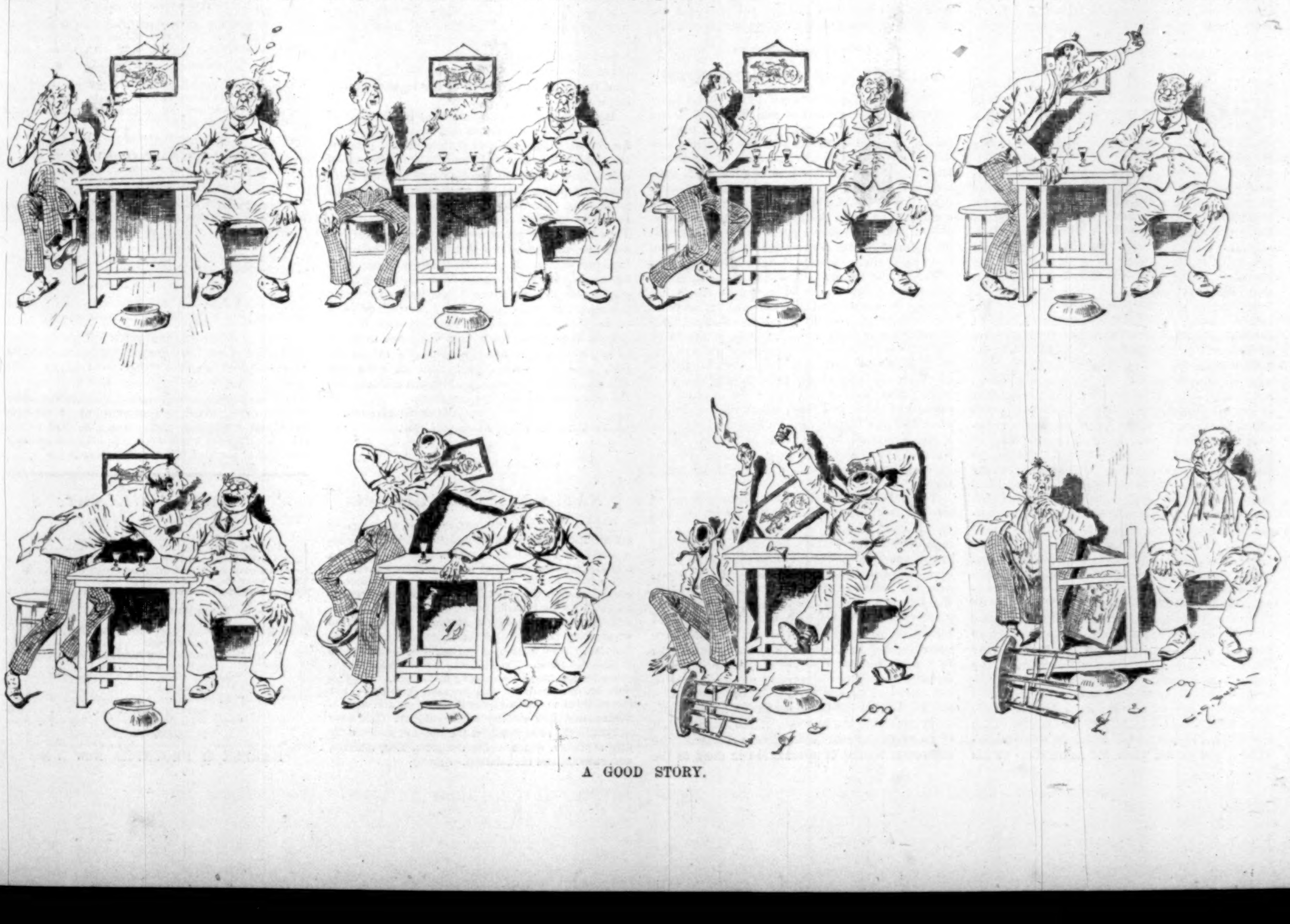
At the office of a well-known story-paper I was informed by the editor's clerk that writers of reputation need not apply, because the publishers paid only from $3 to $10 per story. I escaped, and made my way to the office of an evening paper, where the busy city editor told me that he and his colleagues were always ready to employ bright, capable people. He asked me if I had a subject at my finger-ends, and when I told him that I had, he gave me an order for the article. I collected the data for that bit of composition with great pains, and having written the article, carried it to him on the day appointed for its delivery. His eyes wandered restlessly up and down the first page, and he then proceeded in the most gentlemanly way imaginable to pronounce my doom. He was sorry the idea had not occurred to him before; the article was well written, and would doubtless prove available in most offices; but he feared—yes, he feared it would conflict in some measure with a certain class of advertising.

I am afraid that all this must sound very discouraging to those who come unknown to New York seeking newspaper employment, but on the day which closed the first fortnight of my stay in Gotham, my name was placed on the regular assignment book of the city editor of a well-known newspaper, and my daily work among the sights and scenes of this great city was well begun.

J. L. H.

THE BABY KING OF SPAIN.

DEATH has knocked sharply at the gates of the royal palace at Madrid, but so far has not entered. Perhaps it would be a fresh illustration of the force of the ancient saying, "Whom the gods love die young," should Alfonso XIII., now reigning in Spain by a legal fiction, pay his natural debt while yet an infant. The crown resting on its velvet cushion by the side of the smiling babe in the striking picture by the painter Domingo, which is reproduced in the WEEKLY, is full of sad presage. It has been a true crown of thorns to many of its wearers since the proud days of Charles V., when the Spanish monarchy was at the pinnacle of its power and splendor. All the portraits of Spanish kings are shadowed with a look of deep melancholy, in part perhaps the inheritance of race, but in no small measure the imprint of the fears and sorrows which have made royalty a burden. The infant monarch, whose Austrian mother Maria Cristina has won her desert in the affections of the Spanish people, was a posthumous child, born May 17, 1886. Queen Cristina had already borne two children, both daughters; the elder of whom, Maria de las Mercedes, was declared successor to the throne, under her mother's regency, failing the male heir who was then hoped for. The birth of Alfonso XIII. for the time stifled the disloyalty and brewing discontent which had darkened the closing years of the preceding reign. The chivalry of the Spanish people was fired by the tender spectacle of a young mother who had given a male heir to the kingdom, and the force of sentiment—so powerful an impulse among the modern Latin races in public affairs—postponed what the logic of the age threatens as inevitable. The little Alfonso, it is said, has inherited the frail constitution of his father, which had been further sapped by excesses. It is more than an even chance that should he recover from his present illness he would not live to his majority, which by Spanish law is sixteen. It may be that the numerous classes of malcontents, ranging from Carlists to republicans and socialists, will discount this expectation by refraining for a while from the more violent forms of revolution. In case of the young king's death, a crisis in affairs may be looked for at an early date, and a republic would probably be declared by one of those rapid pronunciamentos which so often stir the politics of the Spanish races. It is hardly to be expected that the pretender, Don Carlos, with the backing of the bigoted people of the northern provinces, where he is still a latent power, would remain quiet at the upheaval. It is even now announced that he has concerted a plan of action pending the occasion. If this does not mean another independent rising, it would probably result in the betrothal of Don Jaime, the son of Don Carlos, to the Infanta Mercedes, who would then be the legal heiress, and the union of the two royal claims. Should the infant king survive the perils of a rickety constitution, the outlook for quiet times on the Iberian peninsula is none the more promising. Alike in Spain and Portugal the forces of republicanism are gathering swiftly to a head, and whether the revolution takes an orderly or a violent form, it needs no sage to see its sure approach. The Brazilian *coup d'etat*, which amazed the world, has been a terrible alarm to the powers that be, and a no less terrible stimulus to the powers that *would* be. The fuel lies ready, well-seasoned, and it only needs the torch. Señor Sagasta, the Spanish premier during the whole of the regency, has proved a sagacious and masterful statesman, but



A GOOD STORY.